

The Nation

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The Week

It is not surprising, but it is extremely gratifying, that an understanding was reached at the White House conference on Monday which assures the submission to arbitration of the question raised by the demands of the trainmen and conductors on the Eastern railways. The situation was one peculiarly favorable to such an understanding, and President Wilson showed his usual promptness and quiet decision in taking the step necessary to bring it about. The passing of the Newlands bill to amend the Erdman act was the one thing needed, and the only danger lay either in Congressional delay or in the terms of the bill not being satisfactory to the two sides in the dispute. Both these points were satisfactorily covered. The modifications unwisely pressed by Secretary Wilson have been abandoned, and the bill, almost exactly as originally drawn under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, was immediately passed by both House and Senate. For the great public benefit that has thus been obtained, thanks are specially due to Seth Low, president of the Federation, who has been unremitting in his efforts to bring about this amendment of the law. But for the fact that the ground had been so well prepared—not only in the drafting of the bill, but in the good understanding concerning it which had been established on all sides before it was sent to Congress—this opportunity for averting a colossal and calamitous strike might not have been open to the President or the country.

How can there be truth in these rumors of a "split" in the Progressive party? Is social justice divisible? Can there be two Armageddons? The evidence offered of lack of agreement between mighty Progressive minds does not seem to us at all conclusive. It may be that Mr. Amos Pinchot feels that George W. Perkins is not exactly the man to be turned loose on the Trusts, or to cry havoc to monopolies, and that he would like some more root-and-branch

method. But what does this signify? While the teacher is away the children will play. It would be merely necessary for the Colonel to emerge from the Grand Canyon, rebuke quarrelling Amos and George, and instantly the Progressive party would again be one and indivisible and in the Colonel's pocket.

There may be nice question whether the New York Legislature ought to have removed Judge Cohalan, on the charges and evidence presented against him. We can readily believe that an honest Senator or Assemblyman, duly sensitive, too, on the subject of judicial purity, might conscientiously doubt whether the Cohalan case came under the intent of the Constitutional provision for removal of judges of the Supreme Court. It is that they may be removed by concurrent resolution of both houses of the Legislature, if two-thirds of all the members vote for it; but it is added that no judge must be removed "except for cause." This "cause" had presumably to do with the Judge's behavior when he was a judge and as a judge. It must have contemplated judicial corruption or gross impropriety on the bench or scandalous personal conduct on the part of a judge. This being so, we must hesitate to affirm that the Legislature should have removed Judge Cohalan. Few culpable acts touching him in his judicial capacity were proved. True, it was as a judge that he gave a sorry exhibition when the charges were made public, that he had meekly acceded to the demand made in the most insulting letter—terribly insulting if not true—that any judge can ever have received from a responsible lawyer, and that he finally made a public statement which the Bar Association declared to be "untrue and misleading." All these things are fearfully humiliating to a judge of the Supreme Court, but it may, we admit, fairly be argued that they alone were not enough to warrant the Legislature in putting him off the bench.

It is seldom that the responsibility for a railway accident is put so squarely on the shoulders of the company's management as is done by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its re-

port on the recent Stamford disaster. For that report goes far beyond the mere statement that the engineman of the second section of the passenger express, who caused the collision by running past the signals, "did not have the special experience and instruction required for the operation of such a train." That this should have happened, even in one individual instance, would be a serious matter; but the Commission not only declares that there was "negligence on the part of the corporation" in putting in charge of such a train "an engineman inexperienced and uninstructed in this class of work," but expressly states that the New Haven Company "had no reliable method for determining the capacity of enginemen before placing them in charge of high-speed passenger trains." Thus the Stamford disaster is unmistakably taken out of the category of those things that are sometimes conveniently dismissed from mind as "acts of God," and emphatically laid to the charge of a standing defect in the road's management of the gravest character. And in addition to this standing neglect, relating to the selection of the enginemen, another is set down, having reference to the condition of the locomotives:

This railroad has no proper system of checking work reports so as to determine whether or not defects reported on locomotives are actually repaired. This lack of supervision is dangerous, and it ought not to be permitted to continue.

The New Haven Company has issued a reply in which it attempts to break the force of that part of the Commission's censure which relates to the qualifications of the engineman. "The Interstate Commerce Commission," it says, "fails to state that the employment of this engineer was practically forced upon the New Haven Railroad by the engineers of this company." And it goes on to cite the terms of an agreement entered upon between the enginemen and the company relating to the employment of spare engineers. As a defence on the part of the company, this is puerile. In the first place, the language of the agreement appears to be quite broad enough to permit the exercise of any precau-

tions that may be necessary to insure efficiency and safety; it makes reference both to competency and to the "requirements of the service." And in the second place, if the agreement is *not* to be so understood—if it is an agreement that prevents the company from taking such measures as are demanded for the safety of its passengers—the company was guilty of criminal dereliction of duty in entering into it at all. We believe, and have heretofore so stated, that the question whether and to what extent trade-union pressure interferes with the proper working of the railways is one that the Commission should thoroughly investigate; but it is impossible, upon any view of it, to relieve the New Haven Company of responsibility for such a condition of things as is pointed out in the Commission's report. As the report itself says—apparently anticipating the company's reply:

The determination of the ability, fitness, or qualifications of an engineman is the duty of the railroad itself. It was not delegated to any other organization, nor could it be so delegated. It was neither delegated nor performed. It was neglected.

Gov. Foss's announced determination to transfer to Canada part of the operations of the machinery-manufacturing company which he controls will hardly of itself create a tremendous stir in the country, or cause Congress to shrink back appalled from the passing of the tariff bill whose prospective enactment appears to have been the drop that caused the cup of Mr. Foss's troubles to overflow. And the fiery broadside with which he accompanies the announcement is of such a character as to mitigate, rather than enhance, with level-headed men the effect of the announcement itself. He tells us that there has been "going on for many years," all over the United States, "among the principal manufacturers" a movement towards the establishment of plants in Canada, and that this has resulted in the investment in these Canadian plants of "from three to five hundred million dollars of American capital." Well, if all this is so, it looks as if we had been able to stand the thing pretty well, doesn't it? And as to what is going to happen in the future, Mr. Foss's warning cry would have more chance of creating the terror it is meant to excite if it were a little less shrill and hysterical. "If we are

to continue to meet our foreign obligations," he declares, "pay for foodstuffs and raw materials imported, and avoid actual national bankruptcy, an expanded market for American manufactures is absolutely imperative." Mr. Foss doesn't pretend that lowering the tariff, even without reciprocity, will *diminish* our sales of manufactures in foreign markets, which have been growing by leaps and bounds; and the man that can talk about something having to be done to stimulate those sales in order to "avoid national bankruptcy" is simply indulging in ignorant and sensational rant.

It always takes time after a Legislature adjourns for any one to find out just what it did. Even the members do not know. Pennsylvania now learns that its wise men at Harrisburg appropriated nearly \$90,000,000 for the next two years, while the estimated receipts for the period fall \$27,000,000 short of that sum. The duty of making both ends meet having thus been jauntily ignored by the legislators, Gov. Tener must attend to it. He has the power of vetoing separate items, the Legislature apparently reasoned. Accordingly, members got the largest appropriations they could for charitable and other institutions, private as well as public, in their respective districts, so that, even after the Governor's knife had gone through the bill, something might be left. This is legislation upon the principle of the huckster who puts a high price upon his wares, expecting to be forced to lower it.

A movement to "recall" Judge Lindsey illustrates the topsy-turvy condition of our politics since last August. The recall, it is to be remembered, is meant for the enemies of the people. "Ben" Lindsey is on the side of the people. His picturesque and vigorous language at the Chicago Convention proved that. Only Heney rivalled him in this display of innate patriotism. Yet there are women in Denver who are planning to ask Lindsey some questions, and to invoke the sacred instrument of the recall if he does not answer satisfactorily. They declare that the conduct of his court is "loose"; that he lets offenders of certain kinds off with light sentences. It is also charged that the juries of his famous juvenile court are not guarded as they should be. In-

stances are mentioned in which the jury, failing to come to an agreement, exchanged notes with the judge, after which a verdict was speedily handed up. This, it is thought by some in Denver, does not look well. Hitherto, Judge Lindsey has regularly triumphed over his enemies, and these triumphs have generally been regarded as victories for decency. It is to be hoped that he can vindicate himself now, and thus escape being hoist with the Progressive petard.

The discovery that noise is not a necessity may turn out to be one of the great achievements of the twentieth century. So long as racket was thought an indispensable element of progress, we minimized its evils. But now we are finding that it causes more harm than even discomfort. Indianapolis has begun a campaign for greater quiet. The point insisted upon there—as it has also been in this city—is the bad effect of noise upon the schools. The report of a wide investigation just concluded says that good work under present conditions is possible only if the windows are closed; that is, at the price of health. The committee further declares that 85 per cent. of the noises in the neighborhood of school buildings are capable of being abated. It suggests the creation of "zones of quiet," the repaving of certain streets with noise-absorbing material, the location of school buildings with reference to immunity from disturbance. As soon as we care as much about doing away with unnecessary noise as we care about the things for the sake of having which we endure the noise, our cities will be revolutionized.

Efforts to limit the suffrage in South Carolina to "white men of intelligence and character" meet peculiar difficulties. To exclude all negroes, regardless of intelligence and character, was easy. The test of literacy, or owning three hundred dollars' worth of property, shut out the bulk of them, while admitting most of the white men. The latter were further provided for by solicitude for "the heroes of the '60's," and for all other white men who became of age before January 1, 1898, all of whom had the opportunity of registering under the "special temporary 'understanding' clause" of the Constitution of 1895. The few deserving white men not thus tak-

en care of must, as a defender of the law remarks, be young, with time to learn to read and write. For "many a negro learned as much after emancipation"! Yet what do we see? The ungrateful white man who happens to be illiterate calmly goes to the primary and assists in the selection of candidates, and his better educated fellows go to the polls a few weeks later and ratify his and their choice. Thus "the rising generation are encouraged to lack of ambition to excel the negro"! Apparently, nothing remains, after all this endeavor to rouse the illiterate white man to his duty, except to take away from him the right to participate in the primary.

Tuesday of last week was Count Zeppelin's seventy-fifth birthday, which he celebrated in the happiest fashion by steering his twentieth airship on her maiden voyage. Germany has lost none of her enthusiasm for this conqueror of the air. Every city has a *Zeppelinstrasse* or *Zeppelinplatz*; his movements are chronicled like those of royalty; his picture is in every shop-window. His recent flight to Vienna gave rise to another outburst of national pride, for Germany still leads all the world in lighter-than-air craft, even though a French dirigible has flown higher and faster than any Zeppelin thus far. But every new Zeppelin craft is an improvement upon its predecessor, and the Count loses none of his fondness for new ventures. He is a veteran of our own Civil War, yet the Berlin newspapers reported two weeks ago that his last visit to that city was due to a desire to consult with the Government in regard to a flight across the Atlantic to the United States. If he really puts his mind upon it we may yet see him sailing into New York.

On this side of the water few have any conception of the development of this branch of aerial transportation. The cable brought the news last week of the founding of a British company to start a dirigible service between London and Manchester and other cities, and also between London and Paris. In Germany the Zeppelin Company has ships at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, and Baden-Baden which make almost daily flights—one of them reported one hundred

successive air voyages last summer without the slightest mishap of any kind. A month ago a navy Zeppelin, with a naval crew, left Berlin at 12:30 o'clock on a moonlight night, cruised to Hamburg, and then out to the island of Rügen in the North Sea; returning to the coast it came down on the water and lay there for half an hour. On rising, it roamed about the coast, and then, flying back, reached Berlin in comfort and ease at 7:30 o'clock. So remarkable an annihilation of space as this is now deemed worthy of only a few lines in the Berlin newspapers. Inevitably, one wonders what such a ship will not be capable of in another six years—it is but six since Zeppelin made his first successful flights in the Zeppelin III. Shall we be hearing then of round-the-world competitions?

When education is modernized in England, it is done in the most conservative stronghold. Old Etonians have remarked with amazement the report that the boys liked their lessons! As the Headmaster of Harrow pointed out recently at speech-day, new ideas have made the past year noteworthy. Besides more elective courses, the curriculum is changed. "In teaching English the boys are set one serious book, and also such a volume as Jefferies's 'Gamekeeper at Home.' If they once start the 'bait book' as a lesson, they finish it voluntarily, and so acquire soon a taste for literature." American teachers would see nothing new in this idea, nor in making mathematics practical, not experimental, or emphasizing living over dead languages. And if the change requires a new version of Shakespeare's schoolboy creeping sluggishly to school, another result also is familiar here. "A great many boys wish to specialize in science, till the science school is full; and the number in modern branches is steadily increasing."

Passage of the Irish Home Rule bill for the second time serves to fix attention afresh upon the actual working of the Parliament Act. Under it, the Commons will simply need to pass the bill a third time, and then it will become law without the consent of the House of Lords. That cannot occur, however, until about a year from now; for the Parliament Act provides that, in

the case of bills made law despite the objection of the Lords, two years must have elapsed from the date of the second reading of the bill on its first passage through the Commons. That date was, in the case of the Home Rule bill, May 9, 1912. It is also necessary to send the bill to the Lords, on each occasion of its passing, at least one month before the end of the session. Compliance with these two conditions is expected to make the earliest day on which the King can give his consent to the bill, notwithstanding the dissent of the Lords, about June 12, 1914. Thus it appears that the upper house retains full power of obstruction for rather more than two years.

Monday's statement by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, that there was no possibility of action by the Powers to force an armistice upon the warring Balkan states, and that they must fight on till exhausted, was probably not intended to be so pessimistic as it sounds. He may have intended it as a warning to Bulgaria to agree with her adversaries quickly, lest harder terms be exacted later. The actual military status is still confused. But there appears to be no doubt that the Bulgarian troops have met with terrible reverses at the hands both of the Servians and the Greeks. The earliest news, sent by Bulgaria's old stand-by, Lieut. Wagner, was of brilliant victories by the Bulgarian generals; but this was never confirmed, and now even at Sofia the best that can be said is that Gen. Ivanoff conducted a masterly retreat. But the correspondents with the Greek and Servian armies speak of this retreat as a disastrous rout. With Rumanian troops operating unopposed in Bulgarian territory, there can be no mistaking what has happened to Bulgarian military power. It has been badly broken just at the time when the German military experts were predicting that it would prove invincible. All their talk was of Bulgaria speedily making herself dominant in the Balkans, and becoming a veritable *Grossmacht* with which Russia would have to reckon. This is the second time within a year that the German army men have placed their money on the wrong horse. It will be remembered that they were confident that Turkey would show her military superiority.

BREAKING THE PROTECTION SPELL

The forces that have gone to the creation of the present tariff-reform situation in this country are many. Possibly the "high cost of living" is entitled to the foremost place. Perhaps next to this should be placed the connection between tariff protection and the promotion and sheltering of monopolies. But whatever may have been at the bottom of the change that has taken place in public sentiment, the thing that has been most distinctly visible, the thing that has expressly stirred the feelings of the people, is a certain moral element, an element that forms part of that whole vast stirring of reform impulses which has been manifested in so many ways during the past half-score years. When the Payne-Aldrich bill was drawn in the good old way, when the country was made to feel that, after all that had come and gone, the protected interests still regarded the fixing of tariff rates as a matter in which their desires came first and the claims of the mass of the people second, the demand for a genuine reform of the tariff acquired a potency that had been unknown since the days of the Cleveland campaign.

Accordingly, from the standpoint of American public sentiment, the break in the protectionist system that we are on the point of accomplishing presents itself chiefly in the light of emancipation from a sordid tyranny, the shaking off of an influence injurious to us economically and still more injurious to us as a source of political corruption and demoralization. But there is an additional aspect of the matter in which we may well take keen satisfaction. If the tariff reform now on the eve of consummation shall prove successful—if, whether owing to the nature of things or to favoring fortune, the country shall enjoy business prosperity during the next two or three years—there will be as much reason to rejoice in the breaking of the intellectual fetters with which protectionism had bound us as in our assertion of political soundness or in the material relief afforded by the reduction of tariff burdens. So rapid are the changes in the tone of political opinion, and so short is political memory apt to be, that it requires a distinct effort to recall the state of mind in which the country rested during about ten years after the protectionist policy regained

its supremacy with the enactment of the Dingley bill. The concurrence of hard times with tariff reduction and of the return of prosperity with the return of high protection was as complete as circumstances could make it; and presently, even among persons who had formerly been quite hospitable to tariff reform, it came to be the habit to think of a high protectionist tariff as a permanently established part of our national policy. "You may argue tariff reduction till you are black in the face," such was the current view, "but the American people will have none of it. Better accept the accomplished fact, and don't disturb business for a thing that hasn't a ghost of a chance of ever being adopted."

But never is a long word; and in point of fact within the space of a dozen years there took place a change not only beyond what in the then prevailing opinion was possible, but a change far beyond anything that the most hopeful of tariff reformers could have looked for. When one realizes the character of that change it strikes one as almost ludicrous. For we are not only making a severe cut in the tariff, upon radical anti-protectionist principles, but the process is going through with so little protest that one is hardly aware that there is a protectionist party in the country. There will, of course, be some good old-time protectionist speeches in the Senate. There are a certain number of protectionist newspapers that are keeping up a line of talk against the bill, and predicting disaster as its consequence. But for anything like a great and powerful protest, anything even remotely suggesting that violence is being done to the settled sentiment of the nation, we look round in vain. That this state of mind will be lasting we do not assert; whether it will or not depends in no small measure on the accidents of economic conditions, agricultural and financial. But surely as things stand now, protection's long spell is broken.

This change in the attitude of our country towards protection is calculated to have a powerful effect beyond our own borders. For fifty years, the example of America has been one of the potent stimuli to protectionism in Europe. One of the greatest difficulties that have been encountered by English leaders in maintaining their country's

splendid isolation among the great nations of Europe in the matter of free trade has lain in the fact that not only were the militarist nations of the European Continent committed to the protectionist policy, but that the great American Republic was the most extreme, and apparently the most irreclaimable, of the devotees of that policy. The manifest-destiny argument was one of the most telling in the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's collection of protectionist appeals; he was constantly insisting that the ideas of Cobden and Bright had been made obsolete by the logic of facts; all the world, except England, had turned its back on them, and it was mere stupidity for her to persist in the face at once of adversity at home under free trade and prosperity abroad under protection. The steadfastness of the free-traders soon had its reward in the demolition of one half of the Chamberlain argument by the return and persistent growth of business prosperity in England; but the other half, the apparently fixed committal of all the rest of the world to the protectionist doctrine, has remained. When our new tariff law is passed, opponents of protectionism throughout the world will be heartened, and in England the preservation of the free-trade principle will be further insured. The maintenance and success of the law will mark the first great break in that hold of protectionism among the leading nations of the world, other than England, which may be dated from Bismarck's adoption of the policy some forty years ago.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE ON TAXING COTTON FUTURES.

The Democratic Senate caucus having agreed to add to the tariff bill a clause taxing contracts for future delivery of cotton, evidently on the theory that it would be a popular measure, must be surprised at the volume of protests against it. These are coming in great numbers from the South, where the best newspapers and chambers of commerce and reputable business men seem to be of one mind on the folly of the proposal. The hasty Senators would have done well to look back to a similar project in 1892. In that year a scheme to tax futures and options was before the Senate, and its defeat was due in good part to a powerful speech

against it by a Southern Senator. He was Senator from Louisiana. His name was Edward D. White. His strong contention that such a tax would be utterly repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, has a certain significance to-day owing to the fact that he is at present Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court.

His Constitutional argument, twenty-one years ago, went to several points. The tax was discriminatory. It singled out certain products—the plan at that time was to tax futures in wheat and corn and pork and some other things—and omitted others. This would be even more forcible to-day, when it is proposed to tax cotton alone. Furthermore, it was pointed out by Senator (now Judge) White that the tax would be upon a form of contract which the courts had held to be valid. It was not a gambling transaction that was to be penalized. State courts and Federal courts—including the Supreme Court—had decided that contracts for future delivery were perfectly lawful, provided that either of the parties had “an honest intention to deliver.” But the argument upon which Mr. White in 1892 laid most stress was that the proposed tax was a fraud on its face. It pretended to be a revenue measure. In reality it was a punitive statute. And what Senator White declared that the Supreme Court would do to such a bill, if it ever came before it, has great pertinence at a time when he is the presiding justice of that court. The language which he said that the judges would use to Congress when a measure taxing future contracts was challenged as being unconstitutional, was as follows:

When you have called the statute one thing and the very terms of the statute indicate another thing, and that other thing is outside of the power of Congress, then it is not a statute at all, but a violation of authority, and we strike it from the statute books.

This is directly pertinent to the tax on cotton futures now proposed. It is offered as part of a bill “to provide revenue.” But everybody knows that this is not the real intention. The purpose is to mulct a certain form of trading. By so taxing contracts for future delivery of cotton that the dealer would have to pay \$50 extra on a hundred bales, the intent is obvious to punish and abolish that established method of doing busi-

ness. This was the aspect of the matter which most stirred Senator White's indignation as a lawyer, and which could hardly fail now to enter into any decision which he might have to make as a judge. He affirmed that, under the pretence of exercising the taxing power to raise money for carrying on the government, “we have breathed into this law a living lie,” and “declared that our purpose is to tax for revenue, when every line and letter of the bill says that it is not an exercise of the taxing power at all, but an attempt to destroy.” Mr. White discussed the tax on State bank notes, which the Supreme Court upheld, and also the oleomargarine tax, both of which, he maintained, could be discriminated from the tax on futures. What the Supreme Court would say to the latter, he put in words which would seriously embarrass any lawyer having to argue its Constitutionality before the present Chief Justice:

Where the face of the statute shows no tax, where the face of the statute itself eliminates all human possibility of the exercise of the taxing power for revenue, then I say the mission of jurisdiction is given to the courts of this land to brush that statute away for its flagrant and open violation of the Constitution.

On the practical side, Mr. White's speech was powerful, and is still worth reading. He had fortified himself with knowledge of the entire development of the trade in cotton, and had the methods of buying and selling, with the history of prices, at his fingers' ends. He had no difficulty in showing that the system of cotton futures had been devised to meet pressing business exigencies, and that, on the whole, it had wrought great benefits, the chief of which had inured to the cotton-grower. The latter is no longer exposed to the old alternations of glutted and empty markets, but can count upon steady prices, based on actual crop conditions, with as much certainty as can traders and manufacturers. The whole question was, indeed, threshed out in Mr. White's speech in the Senate of July 21 and 22, 1892. It is just as true of the tax on cotton futures now as it was then that, in addition to being almost certainly unconstitutional, it is a proposal based on ignorance or prejudice. From the folly of having temporarily approved of it, the Democratic Senators should retreat as soon as and with what dignity they can.

THE TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

The phrase, “the tax on knowledge,” was originated by Bright and Gladstone some fifty years ago, when they were attacking and seeking to make odious the English paper duties. These were so high as to make the publication of newspapers very expensive. Anything like a cheap press was impossible; and as the only hope of success for the Liberal policies lay in the freest popular discussion, Bright and Gladstone struck hard at the tax which was most effective in preventing it. They were able first to reduce and finally to abolish the paper duties. Naturally, they were opposed and sneered at by Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury, then spokesman for the Tories. He asked what could possibly be learned by an educated person from a newspaper, and declared that it was a “prostitution” of terms to “talk of this tax on the penny papers as a tax on knowledge.”

One would scarcely have expected to find American Democrats of 1913 sympathizing with the Tory view of 1854. Yet in one of the changes made by the Senate Democrats in the clauses of the tariff relating to books, there is displayed a reactionary spirit hostile to the freest possible diffusion of knowledge. We refer particularly to the proposal to lay a duty of 15 per cent. on books printed in foreign languages. Such books have been entitled to free importation for a great many years. Even the McKinley bill put on the free list “books and pamphlets printed exclusively in languages other than English.” The Wilson bill retained that provision intact. So did the Dingley bill of 1897. In the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909, the phraseology was changed so as to make it more liberal, the words being “printed *chiefly* in languages other than English.” That form was kept in the Underwood bill as it passed the House, but it was stricken out by the Senate Finance Committee; so that, if it has its way, books in French and German and other foreign languages will be taken from the free list and made to pay the general duty of 15 per cent. on all books imported that were printed less than twenty years ago.

That this is a step backward needs no arguing. It would deprive the scholar of his tools, the book-lover of his satisfactions. And to what end? Is there

here any question of a home industry to protect? Books in foreign languages are not printed in this country to any appreciable extent. No; the duty must be intended for revenue, which means that it is a tax, and a tax on teachers and readers, a tax on knowledge. The Democratic Senators left in the bill the provision making Bibles free. They ought to take a free Bible and read in it the passage about the people perishing for lack of knowledge. Then they might ask themselves what the people will think of legislators who would levy a tax to make knowledge more difficult of access.

It is not necessary to spend words on this new tax. Indeed, it is so illiberal and so uncalled for that we are inclined to think that the Senate Committee was inadvertently betrayed into proposing it. For it is only fair to say that some of the other provisions of the bill relating to the importation of books are an improvement over anything we have had. In the first place, the duty is reduced. It has been 25 per cent. Even the Wilson bill of 1894—though doubtless against the personal wishes of its author—placed the duty at that figure. But now it is to be reduced to 15 per cent. This will mean a distinct gain to large classes of readers. Moreover, there is one generous and comprehensive clause added by the Democratic Senators. They put upon the free list "all textbooks used in schools and other educational institutions." This would, of course, cover books in any language, and would be a real boon to many. But such an enlightened provision only makes one wonder the more how those who framed it could have adopted so benighted a plan as that of clapping a tax on books in foreign languages. The thing cannot endure discussion; and we are very confident that, either by the Senate itself or at the demand of the House in conference committee, this proposed tax on knowledge will be dropped. It is inconceivable that President Wilson could give it countenance for a moment.

THE STATUE HABIT.

News came the other day of a proposal in Kansas to have the statue of Senator Ingalls withdrawn from the Hall of Statuary at Washington. It sprang not from any who denied his merits, but from those who were anxious to keep his fame green. They objected that his

inclusion in the Hall had done him anything but honor, and that he only shared there the ridicule that many visitors shower upon the figures in the American Pantheon. And they argued that a reputation in need of no statue had only been lowered by giving it a memorial so common as to have lost all distinction. The suggestion of this incident lies not so much in criticism of the incongruities and artistic deficiencies of the collection in the Capitol as in a general reflection upon the whole cheapening practice of Americans—and others—of hastily setting up permanent tributes to any man for whom a community feels a temporary enthusiasm. The impulse to anticipate history's verdict is long-standing; and it is a wholesome reaction that makes people certain of a great name reluctant to range it with those to whom immortality has been prematurely decreed.

This memorial instinct should be chastened without either dulling public appreciation of great characters, or checking attempts at a distinctive civic art. A youthful nation will not lack eagerness to honor its heroes, or to set idealized figures before its children. But the effort to do this defeats both history and art when it fails in just proportion. What is objectionable is not that cities remember their founders, or persons connected with their development, as they have done from Pennacook with Hannah Dustin to Salt Lake City with Brigham Young. This means of giving spirit and tradition to a town's atmosphere, and of granting local notoriety a continued local currency, will deceive no one. But what is harmful is for a community to set itself up as arbiter of a broader fame. It was proper, no doubt, for Galena to erect a statue to Grant at his death. But for Dayton at once to distinguish the late Orville Wright in the way Washington has just distinguished Dr. Samuel P. Langley would be less clearly defensible. The reputation of statesmen is still more precarious. Even our short history shows us Chief Justices and Presidents that are now thought scarce worthy a pedestal. But the worst follies of all, as Coventry Patmore once pointed out, are in the cases of recent writers and artists. Just standards of taste seldom chime with popular moods; many a Tupper lives famous to die unknown, and many a

Bulwer dies famous to sink into oblivion; and even "just standards of taste," from Caroline to Georgian to Victorian times, undergo reversals that leave one generation laughing at the mistakes of the last.

To convert these generalizations into specific instances is easy. From Akron, with its statue of Col. Simon Perkins, to Yonkers, with a statue of John Watts, city calls unto city names that even specialists in American history would not recognize. Passing over hurried, cosmopolitan New York, and the Chicago of stock-yards and grain-elevators, we find the third city of the land, Philadelphia, honoring a list that runs: Baldwin, Caldwell, Davis, Dodge, Drexel, Forrest, and so forth—names whose initials furnish no clue to their identity. It is true, pause was made to honor Columbus, and Dickens and Little Nell. Such a city as Hartford, which could not well avoid statues to Thomas Hooker, Nathan Hale, and Israel Putnam, included with them Brownell, Buckingham, Colt, Davenport, Hubbard, Knowlton, G. A. Stedman, and Horace Wells. These men had doubtless earned a civic wreath; but had they earned more? Indianapolis's taste is manifest in her list of seven men, all connected with the city's life, and all but the last, an able early Governor, widely known: George Rogers Clark, Schuyler Colfax, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas A. Hendricks, Oliver P. Morton, and James Whitcomb. And if some cities, like Chicago, which has memorials to Lincoln and Douglas, and to a host of foreigners from Hans Christian Andersen to Von Humboldt, have few native great, they have given their streets inspiration with representatives of the ancestor-nations of present-day Americans. But in general the land is cluttered with stones that try ineffectually to lift leaden names out of the dust, and that only choke the plant that grows on no mortal soil.

As we have said, those who advocate caution in rearing public monuments must be cautious themselves. But only those who conceal a grudge against historical truth and true greatness can fail to wish the extravagances of the movement checked. In other lands, Ministers and committees—and they have made some sorry mistakes—choose the subjects for such civil honors. With us they are elected by popular acclaim. It

is therefore public restraint, and patience to abide the decree of time, that must be learned. Nothing has been said of the artistic aspect of the question. The real virtue of any sculpture must depend chiefly on its execution. A country with such work as that of French, MacMonnies, and Saint-Gaudens cannot be accused of inability to do justice to worthy subjects; and the best art is not nurtured on wide devotion to commonplace themes.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE POET.

Reports that the Laureateship would be abolished, or, at least, that no one would be appointed to take the laurel scarcely greener from the brows of Alfred Austin, were denied last week in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister stated that he intended to name a Poet Laureate. He did not say when or whom. To the suggestion that the honor might be made more broadly literary, and be bestowed upon a man whose fame did not chiefly rest on his poetry, Mr. Asquith did not accede. A poet the Laureate has been and a poet he must continue to be. Doubtless the Premier feels that it would, in a way, be doing despite to poetry not to keep up this official recognition of it. Notwithstanding all the complaints that English poetry is going sterile, the public desire to discover and to delight in poetical distinction is apparently as keen as ever—almost pathetically so. Say as despairingly as we may that the age is given over to material pursuits, there are always to be heard voices crying out eagerly, with Clough, "Come, poet, come!"

In a recent lecture on "The Future of English Poetry," Mr. Edmund Gosse touched upon the great difficulties which the poet has now to encounter. These relate as much to his art as to his audience. There is an immense demand for freshness of expression. It is laid upon his own heart by the poet, as well as echoed in his ear from the outside. Why should he merely seek to say over again the simple, obvious, even poignant things that have already been said? He must strive for something new, either in theme or form. Rendering of the primitive natural emotions has already been done, even to satiety. Language has nearly gone bankrupt. Hence it was probable, argued Mr. Gosse, that we should find future poets inclining more

and more to symbolic and subtle forms of verse. In their horror of the trite, they would endeavor to produce an effect by "wrapping the truth in darkness." Mr. Gosse's rather dismal conclusion was:

The domain of verse had been persistently narrowed by the incursions of a more and more powerful and wide-embracing prose. No ode or threnody could equal in vibrating passion Capt. Scott's last testament. The poetry of the future was likely to be very much occupied with subjects, and with those alone, which could not be expressed in the prose of the best-edited newspaper, and he believed that the closing up of the poetic field would isolate the poet from his fellows. That was likely to lead them to band themselves more closely together for mutual protection. He also thought it very likely that sexual love might cease to be the predominant theme in lyrical poetry. The poetry of the future might not improbably become more and more dramatic, although perhaps by a series of acts of definite creation, rather than as the result of observation, which would be left to the ever-increasing aridity of the brilliant masters of our prose.

That such tendencies as Mr. Gosse indicates are actually operative need not be denied. There is a poetical school of over-refinement. Some think they will be heard for speaking dark oracles. Certain minds lose themselves in their own windings, and fancy that they can make poetry out of their efforts to extricate themselves. But such twisted obscurity of thought and style has never been characteristic of the great English poetry, nor is it of the best to-day. Subtleties are distinctly not in the movement. They are not the manner of Alfred Noyes or Stephen Phillips or Masfield. Broad and large effects still have their appeal. Nor need the old simplicities of nature and of life be given up as now hopelessly banal. Almost at the very time Mr. Gosse was lecturing, a volume of verse by a new writer was making its appearance, about which competent critics are enthusiastic on account of its strong and fresh handling of immemorial subjects. We have not yet seen the book, George Bartram's "England's Garland," but judging by some of the published extracts, it does not seem a great exaggeration to speak of him, as does the *Manchester Guardian*, as "a remarkable new poet." His note is clear and full and, what is to the present point, sounds ancient English themes. This shows that, after all, it is strong and original handling that matters in these things. Mr. Bartram's poem is long and ambitious. It is va-

ried by making old masters of English song reappear. Here, for example, are the lines which begin a sort of meditation by Andrew Marvell:

In glade remote of greenwood olden, long
miles away from road and town,
When wheat is sere and barley golden, and
Sol hath burned the pastures brown,
Most sweet it is to walk, when dies the
splendor of the western skies.

Tall elm and beech, the white birch limber,
the ash thick hung with golden keys,
The sturdy oak, stout lord of timber, the
goodly glade is rich in these,
But the dark yew is king enorm, whence
fork the alleys cruciform.

Nothing wire-drawn about that! Mr. Bartram does not find it necessary to wrap his truth in darkness. He enters with frank joy into the spirit of the countryside, and seeks to refashion the old lineaments of nature and of life to modern needs. And he has a kind of exultant "valediction" which it is instructive to set, both for form and substance, against the somewhat depressing view of men like Mr. Gosse. We quote some of the lines:-

What weakling urges that the starry nights
In woodland wanton with the joyous sprites,
In meadow peopled with the tripping fays,

Have fled for ever, and our souls are borne
In endless circuit of the Streets forlorn?
Who sings a requiem for the golden days?

Some vagrant wizard may the track pursue,
The maze unravel, and the spell renew,
And wake the singing of the vanished
quires.

Vast Tree of Empire, shallow hirelings say
The sign is on thee of a swift decay,
That, foul and secret at thy deepest core,

Dread canker nestles of the worm of doom,
And thou art barren of the goodly bloom
Thy olden vigor in such bounty bore. . . .

It is not so: thy heart is still immune
Of that gray mischief, and a coming June,
Instinct with virtues of the South serene,

Shall shape thy blossoms in the primal
mould,
Heap thy broad members with a fruit of
gold,
And dower thy foliage with eternal green!

WORDSWORTH AND HARTLEY.

In the development of Wordsworth towards an æsthetic and philosophy of life there are two important steps, after his graduation from Cambridge and his enforced return from France in 1793. The first, his enthusiastic acceptance of the philosophy of William Godwin, beginning in 1793 and continuing to about 1795, has been made out with tolerable distinctness. The second step, lasting from about 1795 to 1797, and covering the period of his recovery from the moral despair induced by his belief in the evil results of Godwinianism, is not so clear. In "The Prelude" Wordsworth

credits his sister Dorothy with maintaining for him a saving intercourse with his true self, and preserving him still a poet. This explanation of the manner in which he arrived at the view of life and art shown in the volume of 1798 is not at all satisfactory; for it does not explain why, between the years 1795 and 1798, he found a set of doctrines more or less worked into a system which contain the essential Wordsworth as we know him. I wish briefly to indicate that the inspiration and source of Wordsworth's principles was the philosophy of David Hartley's "Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations," 1749, as derived from a study of the system itself and as interpreted in the light of Hartley's most enthusiastic disciple, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I.

In the "Lyrical Ballads," first published in 1798, in conjunction with Coleridge, the revolt from Godwin and the comfort in a more satisfying philosophy are both plainly to be seen. At the same time, of the twenty poems contributed by Wordsworth there are a number which deal with general humanitarian topics common to Godwin and a large class of his contemporaries. "Lines Left on a Seat in a Yew Tree," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "The Convict," and "The Thorn" are examples; and they are closely related to another and more numerous class which have to do with the more specialized topic of the horrors of war. Anti-military poetry was common at this time, and in this Wordsworth fell in with a fashion observed by Southey, Thelwall, Coleridge, Bowles, and others. In "The Female Vagrant" and "The Old Man Travelling" we see this special anti-military application of the general and widespread feeling for the sufferings of the poor.

All these poems would have met with the hearty approval of Godwin; but others are of a different quality. The philosopher of the "Political Justice" regarded abstract justice as the greatest virtue of society, and decried the more human virtues, such as pity, the family feelings, filial piety—the "blessed charities of father, son, and brother"—as mere prejudices, to be suppressed and subjected to the clear light of reason. Property, according to Godwin, was an evil; but we find Wordsworth making a protest against this principle in "The Last of the Flock," a poem written to show the natural love of man for property and its importance in fostering the domestic affections. This subject of the domestic affections and their importance for the English peasantry continued to engage the attention of Wordsworth, as we see in "The Brothers" and "Michael," and by the long letter to Fox in explanation of both these later poems. Another set of his poems inspired by his

revolt against Godwin consists of those which have to do with "the primary laws of our nature," as he himself expresses the matter. To these belong "The Idiot Boy" and "The Mad Mother," founded on the maternal passion; "Simon Lee," a vindication of the feelings of benevolence and gratitude; "The Forsaken Indian Woman," a picture of the soul in the face of death, and its counterpart, "We are Seven," a picture of the child's inability to understand death; and, finally, "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," the account of a soul under a curse. This notion of the soul under a curse is likewise the subject of "The Ancient Mariner" and of those other poems upon which the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads" were engaged in 1798: "Christabel," "Cain," "The Three Graves," and "Peter Bell." The same theme is found in "The Spanish Military Nun" of De Quincey—"penitential sorrow," in his finely descriptive phrase.

After we have given all the preceding titles in the volume of 1798 we have left names that are far more famous still: these are the poems dealing with the relations of Nature to the development and nurture of the individual soul. The titles of these poems are not so much names as a roll-call of glory—"Lines Written at a Small Distance from My House," "Lines Written in Early Spring," the pair, "Expostulation and Reply" and "The Tables Turned," and, greatest of all, "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13, 1798." Here, surely, we are at the heart of Wordsworth.

In these poems there are many expressions concerning the educative powers of Nature which have given trouble to commentators; some have called the doctrine they promulgate Pantheism, some Platonism; some, like Lord Morley, have regarded these expressions as "playful sallies"; while others have treated them as indiscretions to be hushed up and forgiven. I wish to examine them in the light of the Hartleian philosophy, as the earliest statement of the newly found solution of the universe and as the poet's first satisfying æsthetic, which gave theoretical support to his own insistent need of joy and hope.

Here it should be noted that, though Wordsworth speaks of immediate joy in the presence of Nature, as in the "Lines Written in Early Spring," this is not his characteristic attitude. His doctrine of Nature does not dwell on the immediate good which Nature brings; but rather on the "future good for years to come," as in the cryptic lines:

Some silent laws our hearts may make
Which they shall long obey—

or, as in the words addressed to Dorothy in "Tintern Abbey":

Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;

And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies. . . .

Dorothy's mind, like the poet's own, will be educated by Nature, and will be pleased to recognize "in nature and the language of the sense, the anchor of her purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide and guardian of her heart, and soul of all her moral being." Such is the education which Nature effects in all souls subjected to her sway; for, whether we will or not, our human souls are linked to her. In these poems Wordsworth is giving first expression to the thought which he was to work out later in such exquisite form as that of "Three Years She Grew," and at greater length in "The Prelude"—"how exquisitely the individual Mind to the external World is fitted; and how exquisitely, too, the external World is fitted to the Mind."

Now the point is that we find in "Tintern Abbey" the earliest clear indication of the characteristically Wordsworthian method of poetic procedure, that is, the method of reminiscence, or retrospect. This is by no means an invention of the poet's; it is a method derived from Rousseau and Rousseauism; nor is the glorification of childhood his own discovery. This, too, is derived from Rousseau. The new thing in "Tintern Abbey" is the philosophy of knowledge which connects in a causal relation the reminiscences and experiences of childhood with the adult mind. In other words, Wordsworth vitalizes the commonplace form of retrospect and reminiscence by interpreting the facts of experience in accordance with the association philosophy of David Hartley and some of his later interpreters. In the light of this philosophy it is not mere fancy but mere sober truth to say that the child is father of the man; and the philosopher does not go beyond the warrant of associationism when he gives thanks for

Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish us, and make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

II.

This is not the place to go into any detailed analysis of the system of Hartley. The first aspect of the association philosophy which must have appealed to the young poet in his revolt from Godwin is the important place given to emotion, feeling, pleasure, optim-

ism, and to all the irrational impulses which had fallen under the condemnation of the author of "Political Justice." According to Hartley, the impulse for joy is not a mere surface thing, but is the most deeply seated fact of the soul and the universe; for, as God is infinitely good, men must all tend towards happiness; and the ultimate goal of every man is perfect felicity. Thus poetry and art, as the product of feeling and emotion, are not things that have to do with the superficialities of life, but go down to the depths of the soul. They are based on the "grand elementary principle of pleasure" in the heart of man, and so are as immortal as the heart of man itself.

A second important aspect of the Hartleian philosophical system is the clear manner in which it explains the development of ideas from simple sensations. According to Hartley *all* ideas come from sensation, which by the power of association are gradually transformed into the complexes of the mature mental life. These primary sensations, and the pleasures and pains of sensation, are ultimate, irresolvable facts; and from their various combinations and developments come the various classes of pleasures and pains called by Lamb the "motives to conduct," and designated by Wordsworth, in the Preface of 1800, "the primary laws of our nature" and "the great and simple affections of our nature." These "motives to conduct" act in the following order: (1) sensation, (2) imagination, (3) ambition, (4) self-interest, (5) sympathy, (6) theopathy, and (7) the moral sense. By the operation of the law of association the simple sensations are transformed by a change akin to that of chemistry into the higher and more impersonal forms of the mind; and the ultimate result is the translation of the material vibrations which produced the simple sensations into the pure love of God and universal benevolence. This system, in the opinion both of Hartley and Wordsworth, places in our control the choice of the ideas that shall come to the mind of youth. Moreover, it gives to every man a means of viewing the manner in which his mind was formed and of understanding the development of any other individual mind. And such is the general plan of "Tintern Abbey." The development of the mind is followed from youth to age, from the time when Nature was nothing but an appetite, up to the time when in Her was heard

The still, sad music of humanity.

Nor is Wordsworth obscure as to the process by which Nature led on his mind; for he tells us that in youth the eye was all in all, the sense of sight being taken as typical, because, as Hartley says, "the ideas of this sense are far more vivid and definite than any other." In youth, then, sense was sufficient,

and thought was not needed. But with the years thought came and sensation decayed, until he felt, at times,

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

In the words of Hartley:

Our intellectual pleasures are not only at first generated, but afterwards supported and recruited, in part from the pleasures affecting the eye; which holds particularly in respect of the pleasures afforded by the beauties of Nature, and by the imitation of them, which the arts of poetry and painting furnish us with.

And, through Nature and the language of the sense, we ascend, as Hartley tells us, to happiness "in the love of God, by the previous annihilation of self and the world." In the words of Coleridge, paraphrasing Hartley, in "Religious Musings," the idea is thus expressed:

Till of its nobler nature it [the soul] 'gan feel

Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,

Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for His immortal sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love

Attracted and absorbed: and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its Identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

This is but another way of saying what is said by Wordsworth in "Tintern Abbey":

That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

In a letter written to Richard Sharp in 1808 Wordsworth speaks of Hartley as one among the "men of real power, who go before their age"; and exclaims concerning Hartley's book upon Man, "How many years did it sleep in almost entire oblivion!" This opinion was certainly Wordsworth's in 1798, for immediately upon the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" he began to compose a philosophical poem on the same plan as that of "Tintern Abbey" which gave in detail an account of the development of his own mind. This was "The Prelude" in its earliest form, which was later enlarged in accordance with a much more ambitious and less consistent plan.

III.

Wordsworth continued to write poems

in the spirit of those in the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads"; and the result was a new edition in two volumes in 1800, and another with slight changes in 1802. In the Preface for the edition of 1800 we find a third and important aspect of the Hartleian philosophy clearly reflected. We have noted as the first aspect which must have attracted Wordsworth the validity given to emotion and passion; and as the second the simple manner in which the system explains the development of the mind; the third is the validity which it gives to the claims of the poet for serious consideration, as one who has something weighty to say on man, and nature, and on human life. Hume had given expression to the common opinion held by philosophers regarding poets:

The *Imagination* of man is naturally sublime, delighted with whatever is remote and extraordinary, and running, without control, into the most distant parts of space and time in order to avoid the objects which custom has rendered too familiar to it. A correct *Judgment* observes a contrary method, and avoiding all distant and high enquiries, confines itself to common life, and to such subjects as fall under daily practice and experience; leaving the more sublime topics to the embellishment of poets and orators, or to the arts of priests and politicians.

To this charge Wordsworth had answered in the Advertisement of 1798, when he requested the reader to test his poems by asking whether they contained a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents. This answer he repeats in the Preface of 1800, and claims for his poems reality of subject and of language. He then proceeds to show exactly what he means by reality, as follows: First, he says that the principal object in the Poems was to make the incidents of common life interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: "chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement." That is to say, poetic feeling arises out of thought; for though it be true that all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, it is also true that poems to which any value can be attached can never be produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who has thought deeply. The priority of thought to poetic inspiration he applies to Dr. Johnson's stanza:

I put my hat upon my head,
And walk'd into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.

This, says Wordsworth, is not only not poetry, but it is not sense; for "the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader." The necessary pri-

crity of thought to emotion is explained at length by Wordsworth in terms of associationism:

For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to man, so by the repetition and continuance of this act feelings connected with important subjects will be nourished, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much organic sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects and utter sentiments of such a nature and such connection with each other that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must be in some degree enlightened, his taste exalted, and his affections ameliorated.

I have quoted this passage at length in order to show that it is nothing more than an enlargement and adaptation to æsthetic theory of Hartley's notions concerning ideas and the passions, and the constant tendency of all our mental activities to become habits. Of the relation between ideas and feeling, and the priority of ideas, Hartley says:

Here we may observe,

First, that our passions or affections can be no more than aggregates of simple ideas united by association. For they are excited by objects and by the incidents of life. But these, if we except the impressed sensations, can have no power of affecting us but what they derive from association.

Secondly, since the passions are states of considerable pleasure and pain, they must be aggregates of the ideas, or traces of the sensible pleasures and pains. . . .

Thirdly, as sensation is the common foundation of all these [the intellectual affections], so each in its turn, when sufficiently generated, contributes to generate and model all the rest.

IV.

In another important aspect of his work as poet and critic Wordsworth is closely identified with the philosophy of associationism. In his earliest published poems he was under the sway of Erasmus Darwin, a disciple of Hartley and one of the last of the advocates and practitioners of that artificial language which is known as "poetic diction," and which it was a part of Wordsworth's work to destroy. In the Interludes to "The Loves of the Plants," published in 1789, Darwin insists that poetry is addressed principally to the eye; for, as ideas derived from visible objects are more distinct than those derived from the objects of our other senses, the words expressive of these ideas belonging to vision make up the principal part of poetic language. This theory of poetic language is but the culmination of a long literary tradition which derives ultimately from Horace, but immediately from Locke's distinction between pri-

mary and secondary qualities in objects. This distinction was fully accepted by no less a critic than Addison in his influential papers on the "Pleasures of the Imagination" in the *Spectator*, as we see from his explicit statement, June 24, 1712, No. 413:

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy; namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth that has been proved incontestably by many Modern Philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

This statement on the part of Addison is of very great importance, as it shows clearly that the theory *ut pictura poesis* had a distinct English and native tradition founded anew on English philosophy and distinct from the general Renaissance literary tradition. As Addison explains in the passage just quoted, Locke and his school demonstrated that light, colors, sounds, tastes, and smells are secondary and non-essential qualities in bodies, as contrasted with extension, bulk, and kindred qualities. And since these are the sensible qualities which distinguish ideas of objects, it was deduced by the critics as a principle of poetry and the arts, that those ideas to which a concrete form can be given by expression in terms of these secondary qualities are capable of being transferred from one sense to another without loss. Since both Locke and Berkeley dealt largely with the sense of vision, as the most important of the senses, it is not surprising that the later theorists of the arts should make poetry largely a matter of the visualization of abstract ideas. Nor is it any more surprising that the painters should practice their art from the same standpoint and should display a series of attempts at speaking pictures, and so on; nor that the poets should strive to express themselves in accordance with the principles of "poetic diction."

Armed with the more fundamental principles of his master, Hartley, which laid stress on the reality of poetry and imagination and furnished a philosophic basis for his own conviction that "a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents" can never be expressed in any but a selection of the language of everyday life, Wordsworth broke through the surface theories of poetic diction, and using the materials of the association philosophy, laid the foundations for the new and all-important distinction be-

tween fancy and imagination. But that distinction was not made in the Prefaces of 1800 and 1802: it belongs to a later period in the development of Wordsworth's mind, and demands separate treatment. ARTHUR BEATTY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Last week I gave, in this place, a list of additions and corrections to the bibliography of Sir Roger L'Estrange in Mr. George Kitchin's biography of that voluminous journalist.

In connection with the translations, which Mr. Kitchin discusses excellently, it should be noted that "A New and Complete French and English Grammar," by Peter Berault (1707) contains "above twenty Pleasant and Useful Dialogues, translated into English by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and here rendered into French," etc.

The list of works which have been "variously ascribed" to L'Estrange is incomplete, and needs some correction.

The discussion of "A Hymn to Confinement" (pp. 416, 417) is confusing. In the first place, the poem, which was attributed to L'Estrange as early as 1705, and which is to be found reprinted on pp. 199 ff. of Hannah's "Courtly Poets," is not "A Hymn to Confinement," but appeared *with* that poem in 1705. It has been called "The Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist" and "The Imprisoned Cavalier" and "Loyalty Confined." The situation is made quite clear by the title of the edition of 1705 (quoted in "The Works of the Learned," Vol. 7, p. 103), "A Hymn to Confinement, Written by the Author of the Case of the Church of England's Memorial fairly stated, etc., to which is added a poem on the same subject by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange, when in Newgate in the days of Oliver's Usurpation." This shows clearly that William Pittis, author of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," wrote "A Hymn to Confinement" and that L'Estrange was the reputed author of the other poem. Mr. Kitchin, on page 409, speaks of "His [L'Estrange's] 'Hymn to Confinement,'" but as the sentence has no verb, we shall never know what he intended to say about it.

The following tracts have been ascribed to L'Estrange, but are not mentioned by Mr. Kitchin in his bibliography, though some are mentioned elsewhere:

(1) "An Address to the Freemen and Freeholders of the Nation," 1682, ascribed by Watt to L'Estrange or Edmund Bohun, is by Bohun.

(2) "Aphorisms of Hippocrates. Englished by R. L'E," is mentioned by Watt.

(3) "An Apology for the Protestants of France in reference to the persecutions they are under at this day; in six letters," etc., 1683, is given to L'Estrange by Halkett and Laing, but the contents would seem to indicate another author.

(4) "The Apostate Protestant," 1682, ascribed by Watt, is perhaps by Edward Pelling.

(5) "A Compendious History of the most Remarkable Passages of the last Fourteen Years, with an account of the Plot," 1680, has been ascribed to L'Estrange by the catalogues of several libraries, probably on the authority of Halkett and

Laing. The contents show that he was certainly not the author.

(6.) "Crack upon Crack," etc., 1680, given to L'Estrange by Halkett and Laing, is a parody of "Cit and Bumpkin."

(7.) "The Head of the Nile; or, the Turnings and Windings of the Factious since Sixty," 1680, ascribed to L'Estrange by Watt, is by Thomas Baker.

(8.) "The Judgment of an anonymous writer concerning these following particulars," etc., 1684, ascribed by the Advocates Library, is probably by George Hickes, D.D.

(9.) "Letter Out of Scotland from Mr. R. L. S.," January 10, 1681, mentioned by Sir Sidney Lee in his article on L'Estrange in the Dictionary of National Biography, and ascribed to L'Estrange in various catalogues, is not his.

(10.) "A Letter to Miles Prance," called by Mr. Kitchin in one place "Letters to Miles Prance," is, he thinks, by Thompson or Farwell. It is not, as the language used on page 432 would imply, a mistaken addition to the bibliography made by Professor Trent, but is really an attribution due to Sir Sidney Lee.

(11.) "Present State of Christendome and the Interest of England with a Regard to France," 1678, is bound with "Tyranny and Popery" in a volume in the Peabody Library and given to L'Estrange in its catalogue.

(12.) "Remarks on the Growth and Progress of Non-Conformity," 1682, is dismissed briefly by Mr. Kitchin on page 432. It has been ascribed by Watt, the Advocates Library, and Halkett and Laing, and was advertised in the *Observer*. Professor Trent tentatively concurs in the attribution to L'Estrange on account of the writer's general attitude and his attack on Baxter, even though the publisher was not Brome. The question of its authorship seems to be still an open one, despite Mr. Kitchin's categorical rejection.

(13.) "Vindication of the *Observer*," 1685, ascribed by Watt, is probably not L'Estrange's.

Several titles which are to be found in booksellers' catalogues are here omitted, although the careful student of bibliography will slight such sources of information and vexatious misinformation only at his own cost. Frequently, the presence of L'Estrange's "Imprimatur" is a cause of error; sometimes collectors and students are misled by advertisements, as was notably the case with a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, December 22, 1906 (p. 489). I may add that a friend has given me a reference to "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus," second edition, 1729, pp. 27-28, from which it should seem that in April, 1661, Mrs. Katherine Philips sent Sir Charles Cotterell an effusion by L'Estrange entitled "The Apology for Women." Whether this was in print or in manuscript does not appear, nor does the work seem to have been identified.

H. R. FOX.

Correspondence

CHARLOTTE, N. C., AND OELWEIN, IOWA

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 26 you say:

It is a strange and painful thing to read that in any city of the United States a school board should refuse to appoint a woman as teacher in the public schools on the express grounds of her being a member of the Catholic Church. This is what was done, however, a few days ago in Charlotte, N. C., when two young women who had been teaching in the schools were, in the face of an extraordinary public protest against the proceeding, refused reelection by the Board, the vote standing 10 to 5. . . . The demonstration of right feeling at the public meetings, attended by Protestant ministers as well as lawyers and business men, must be set down to the credit of Charlotte; but the people of that city should not rest content until they have brought about a reversal of the official act of intolerance.

Granting all that you say, it seems pertinent to express wonder at your failure to comment on an act far more "surprising and painful" that occurred at Oelwein, Iowa, on the evening of June 12, when a mob of some hundreds assaulted an ex-priest, Rev. J. J. Crowley, of Cincinnati, who had just delivered a lecture on the American public schools, upholding them as a bulwark of our liberties, and condemning the Catholic parochial schools as inimical to these liberties. To get my facts straight, I wrote to a Baptist minister in Oelwein, and his letter is before me, in which he says:

"I can speak with authority, for I was with Mr. Crowley through all the trying experience. There was a time when neither of us expected to get into the hotel alive. It was the declared purpose of the infuriated mob to lynch Mr. Crowley. Failing in their bloodthirsty desire to get Crowley they began to desire that I should be strung up."

Now it is perfectly well known that the Roman Catholics cherish an intense dislike to our public-school system. In this they are entirely within their rights as free citizens of a free republic. Moreover, they have a perfect right to denounce as freely as they wish, in the press and from the platform, the evils they see or even think they see in our system of public schools, and to do this without let or hindrance. But their Protestant fellow-citizens have an equal right to discuss, expose, and denounce any evils they see or think they see in the system that our Catholic friends would like to substitute for the present school system. President Wilson hardly ever said a truer thing than when he said: "Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It robs principles of any false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness." And so, when in this country of ours a man's life is threatened by an infuriated mob because he speaks his mind freely in open discussion, a serious blow is struck at the very cornerstone of our liberties. Did any one ever hear of a mob threatening Col. Ingersoll, though at times he bitterly assailed many things unspeakably dear to the hearts of thousands upon thousands of his fellow-citizens?

There is no hint of sectarianism in this: there is no need for any. It is a matter of American patriotism, pure and simple, like your comment on the matter in Charlotte. It is—or should be—the nature of Protes-

tants to protest, as you say was done in Charlotte; but the protesting need not be limited to wrongs that look in only one direction. Nor is there any occasion to charge the slightest tinge of sectarianism, when we Protestants, holding tenaciously to our political doctrine of entire separation of church and state, do not feel like entrusting too much political power to those whose fundamental doctrine, held as tenaciously as we hold ours, is the union of church and state, and such a union that the state is subservient to the church, and that "the" church is *their* church. Again, let it be said that they are fully entitled to hold this view. But if *any* church, Protestant or Catholic, should ever get to be the state, with power to enforce itself on others who do not hold its views, there would be an end to liberty as we now have it in the United States of America.

ADDISON HOGUE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., July 10.

CULTURAL EDUCATION IN STATE INSTITUTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The interesting and instructive discussion by Dr. Sherman of "Education by the People" in the *Nation* of May 8 involves a question of great and constantly growing importance—the question, namely, to what extent it is proper and desirable for State institutions to undertake the work of cultural education. The question is vitally involved in the fact that those institutions are under two imperative obligations to the public, which, when strictly observed, greatly affect the scope and character of their work in such education. Those obligations are, first, to refrain from religious instruction of any kind, and, secondly, to refrain from educational work which does not clearly tend to promote the general welfare, *i. e.*, the welfare of the whole people as distinguished from the individual welfare of the particular person educated. The first of these obligations affects the character of their work in cultural education and tends to render it superficial, while the second affects the scope of the work and tends to render it narrow. For want of space, only the first can be considered here.

Recognizing the existence of these obligations and speaking of the one first mentioned, Dr. Sherman says:

The very obligation which the state is under to refrain from religious instruction should make it appear more imperatively their duty to bring not some but all of their students into quickening relationship with at least the purely human traditions of beauty, wisdom, temperance, truth, and justice.

In what is here said we have, first, an implied recognition that this enforced absence of religious instruction is a serious defect; and, secondly, an express recommendation to seek compensation for that defect in a special cultivation of the things there enumerated. This recommendation is sound in theory, but futile in effect. It is sound in theory because an alternative is needed, and this is the only one imaginable; and it is futile in effect because it is impossible of effectual application. Its futurity will appear when we undertake to act in accordance with it, as we thereupon find that *all* our traditions of whatsoever kind,

are "purely human," for the very good reason that, so long as we ourselves are human, they cannot be anything else; and we are therefore left to the conclusion that what is really meant here by "purely human traditions" is *purely secular* traditions.

But when we set out to cultivate these purely secular traditions as recommended, we fail to find any such; we find instead that there is no such thing as a purely secular tradition of beauty, wisdom, temperance, truth, or justice; that the words "secular" and "religious" do not here connote different and distinct entities, but merely different phases of the same thing, and that this identical thing can never be adequately comprehended from a study of only one of those phases.

Such knowledge of the essential nature of justice, or of the true, the beautiful, or the good, as is derivable from its purely secular phase, would be comparable in thoroughness to the knowledge of the earth and its relations to the heavenly bodies, derivable from the study of agricultural chemistry. Any scheme for the teaching of these subjects which excludes their religious elements is therefore doomed to perpetual superficiality. In its effect upon cultural education this obligation resting on State institutions to refrain from religious instruction corresponds exactly to the wheel upon the farmer's plough-beam, which prevents the plough from ever going deeper than a few inches below the surface, and holds it forever to the task of stirring the soil merely to the depth required for the raising of corn and potatoes.

What is here said of the subjects above enumerated is true also of all the other important subjects of cultural education. When Dr. Samuel Johnson declared it impossible to think deeply on any subject without thinking religiously, he uttered a profound truth, which should always receive full recognition in any scheme of cultural education. The effects of such a limitation upon any plan of cultural education cannot fail to lower its standard and lessen the esteem in which it has hitherto been held.

If we seek to ascertain what has already been its effect in this regard, we shall find, among other things, that, during the past twenty-five years or more, State institutions and their influence have steadily increased, and that at the same time cultural education and the esteem in which it is held have as steadily deteriorated and diminished. Whether this is anything more than a coincidence may not be absolutely determinable, but it is precisely what might have been expected from the conditions above described.

To say this is in no sense an impeachment of education by the people. That public education is in general an inestimable benefit, and in popular governments is a vital necessity for the promotion of good citizenship, cannot be questioned for a moment; but its great excellencies should not cause us to expect too much of it, or to lose sight of its necessary limitations and consequent defects as an instrumentality for the higher education.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, July 8.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SNOBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In respect to the distinction brought out on page 17 of the *Nation* (July 3) between the American and the English use of the term *snob*, that "an English snob is a man who falls short of the perfect aristocrat through a taint of democratic vulgarity, whereas an American snob is a man who falls short of the perfect democrat through a taint of aristocratic exclusiveness," I fear that it will hardly hold. In a novel just appearing in the *London Times*, "Color-Blind," by Alice Perrin, the flavor of which is entirely Anglo-Indian, the word *snob* is used of a woman "with the taint of aristocratic exclusiveness." A returned Indian official, Mr. Fleetwood, is in London, and his daughters complain that their aunt, Lady Landon, has sent an invitation to luncheon to one only of the girls.

"We couldn't expect her to ask the whole pack of us," said Marion.

"Why not?" argued her father, who was not deeply attached to his only sister, and always said she was a snob. "The house is quite big enough."

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 6.

PLURAL MOLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your contributor to "News for Bibliophiles" (*Nation*, July 3) condemns Bartlett's attribution of plural molasses to Western United States, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," as "this incorrect statement." Some years ago I assisted a corps of civil engineers surveying coal-bearing lands among the tangled knobs of mountainous West Virginia. Occasionally we were invited, in accordance with the hospitable custom of the country, to drop in at a log cabin and eat. The very palatable sorghum syrup that sweetened our meal drew from a native member of our corps the query: "Whah yo' git them molasses, Jimmy?"

S. W.

Columbia, Pa., July 7.

Literature

JOHN PAUL JONES.

The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5 net.

John Paul Jones, hero of ten more or less unworthy biographies, has at last found an able and sympathetic expounder. As Mrs. De Koven points out in her preface, this terror of the simple natives of the British coast, this hero of impossible moonlight exploits under the lee of English headlands, became in time a mere myth. His very name was used by nurses to frighten children. He was celebrated in popular song, and took his place with Capt. Kidd in the histories of the pirate kings. In America he has become the dare-devil hero of a single sea fight, of whose sufferings and

misfortunes in the American cause there is no adequate appreciation. This whole conception is out of joint, and this new work seems born to set it right.

Jones's, or, rather, John Paul's, career began with a tragedy, the accidental killing of a mutinous sailor on his trading-ship, and though exonerated fully, the cloud of suspicion hung over him; and when again he accidentally killed a second sailor—a fact unknown to all of his previous biographers—he left both ship and cargo in the hands of his partner and entered upon a melancholy period of homeless wandering. This period, lasting from June, 1773, to the winter of 1775, has been one of almost complete obscurity to all his previous biographers, but is here quite clearly accounted for. It was in this period that he served on a "special privateer," as he euphemistically called what seems to have been a straight-out pirate ship. Earlier he had served on the slave-ships, the *King George* and the *Two Friends*, and though he soon gave up this uncongenial service, as he did that in the pirate ship, it was sufficient to give an unsympathetic biographer an opportunity to tinge Jones's whole career with the red stigma of the pirate flag.

It was after these experiences that he fell in with the wealthy planter, Willie Jones, who took the waif into his home and gave him his name. Here Jones met his other powerful North Carolina friend, Hewes, to whom he owed his first employment in the new American navy. Of this experience Mrs. De Koven says:

With the same assimilative genius which gathered an education unusual in those times from the very air about him, Paul Jones quickly adopted the manners of the gentle people he was so fortunate to meet at this period of his career. They formed his standards of true gentility and fitted him to shine in the salons of Versailles. From this time on we begin to see the Paul Jones of history—the courteous and chivalric gentleman, the heroic champion of human liberty. No longer living for himself, except as he might win glory in battle, he was ready to give up every youthful dream and life itself in the service of America. The son of the Scotch gardener, the captain of West India trading ships and slavers, in a few weeks experienced this truly remarkable metamorphosis.

Jones's letters leave no doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to the American cause. He writes: "Since Liberty hath chosen America as her last asylum, every effort to protect and cherish her is noble, and will be rewarded with the thanks of future ages. . . . When I entered into the Service, I was not actuated by Motives of Self Interest. I stepped forth as a free citizen of the World in defence of the Violated Right of Mankind, and not in search of

Riches whereof, I thank God, I inherit a sufficiency." Not in words only, but in deeds, did he give proof of his loyalty. In the Texel, with the British hungering for him outside, and the Dutch threatening within, "alone in his one American ship, between warships within and warships without, he kept the Stars and Stripes flying." When a French letter of marque was offered Jones to enable him to escape the Texel, he was indignant. "They insult my understanding. They invite me to insult the Stars of America; they are mistaken, the Stars of Freedom are but rising here. They are not rich enough to buy the Pirate Paul Jones."

In the early days of his service, Jones contemplated with dismay the results of the mania for privateering which had taken possession of the colonists. Every day the Continental seamen were lured away to these privately owned vessels, while half the fleet lay empty in the harbor. Even the members of Congress owned privateers, and winked at the employment of deserters from the Continental navy. Jones was astonished and disgusted by this revelation of character in the people whose cause he had so enthusiastically embraced. After numerous disappointments he received in turn the Alfred and the Providence, with which he made brilliant cruises, though at times his men were "scarcely able to stand the deck for want of clothing." Although America rang with his praises, he then suffered an unjust superseding in rank due to the wretched democratic politics which were the bane of the times, and over this matter of rank—which, in his noble phrase, "opens the door to glory"—he brooded for months. It is to his credit that he did not leave the service. Finally, Congress made amends with the command of the Ranger, and though it was inadequate and ill-manned, Jones again rendered glorious account of himself. The raids on the British coast towns and the capture of the Drake, "unprecedented, almost incredible, at that time of England's unquestioned maritime supremacy," gave Jones's glory-loving soul the opportunity to bask in its proper atmosphere. Yet, incomprehensible as it is, France, and America, too, allowed this greatest fighting instrument of the time to lie idle for many weary months thereafter, during which Jones "almost half-killed himself" in his efforts to get a command. Again and again he seemed on the eve of obtaining a fine ship, when some ill chance robbed him. At last the old whaling ship, which Fanning says was sixty years old, twice laid up as a hulk, "as many joints in her backbone as a rattlesnake," was fitted up for him, and named the Bon Homme Richard. With a motley crew of Portuguese, Malays, Swedes, and some English prisoners from the jails of Brest and St. Malo, "as

bad a crew as was ever embarked upon any vessel," as Jones wrote, he set off to win renown in that fight under the round harvest moon with the English ship, the Serapis.

After that affair, Jones went to Paris, and the city rose to greet and honor the victor. Marie Antoinette and her ladies rushed to the windows of the palace to see him pass, and the King gave him a private audience. At operas and theatres, applause greeted his appearance. He was the favorite of many great court ladies. Marie Antoinette invited him to her box at the opera, and gave him a chain and seal. Louis XVI presented him with a sword, but amid all the acclaim, the universal testimony is that Jones bore himself modestly and well. Moreover, an intimate study of his conduct in the battle with the Serapis and in other positions of great danger, bears out Mrs. De Koven's assertion that "he possessed not one trace of the brutal audacity and unprincipled bravado which belongs to the character he popularly typifies."

In Jones's letters, and in those of his contemporaries, are revealed many interesting personal traits. He shows some little talent for literary expression, and repeatedly reveals an intimate acquaintance with the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. In exultation as he sets out with the Ranger, he writes: "The world, as Milton said of Adam, lays (sic) all before me." He had some of Napoleon's gift for heroic expression. "I wish to have no connection with any ships which do not sail fast, as I intend to go in harm's way." "I may not win success, but I will endeavor to deserve it." These and his famous answer to the captain of the Serapis illustrate this talent. When the Maréchal de Biron told Jones that King George had knighted the defeated captain of the Serapis, the instant comment was: "I hope, Monsieur, that I may one day make a lord of him." Fanning asserts that in smoothness of tongue and flattery to seamen when he wanted them, he "excelled any other man I was ever acquainted with." He had seen Jones walk to and fro upon the quay for hours together with a single seaman urging him to sign for a cruise. Of his personal charm the greatest testimony is the warm friendship which he inspired in Franklin, Robert Morris, La Fayette, La Rochefoucauld, Count de Ségur, and many other distinguished persons. The Parisian ladies, too, found him "the most agreeable sea-wolf one could wish to meet with." Mrs. De Koven's account of his love affairs constitutes some of the most interesting chapters of her book. Mrs. John Adams wrote of Jones:

I expected to have seen a rough, stout, war-like Roman; instead of that I should sooner think of wrapping him up in cot-

ton wool and putting him in my pocket, than of sending him to contend with cannon-balls. He is small of stature, well proportioned, soft in his speech, easy in his address, polite in his manners, vastly civil, understands all the etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he does the mast, sails, and rigging of his ship.

But her husband, who was Jones's Evil Genius, wrote:

This is the most intriguing officer in the American navy. Eccentricities and irregularities are expected of him; they are in his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft and still and small. His eye has keenness and wildness and softness in it.

The research displayed in this work is admirable, and the errors of previous biographers are exposed in a charitable spirit, even (I, 163) the pure fabrications found in Buell's life. But Mrs. De Koven herself is at times uncritical in handling her sources. She credits some very doubtful material on Jones's early life (pp. 10, 11, 43, 45, 304 of Vol. I), and at one point (I, p. 126) seems to prefer an account of a cruise written ten years after the events to a contemporary account because, forsooth, the later one is fuller. She accepts the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (I, p. 62), though critical historians have long ago disposed of it. She states positively (I, p. 100) that Abraham Whipple destroyed the Gaspee in Narragansett Harbor, 1772; but all we know in support of this assertion rests on Ephraim Bowen's account, 1839, when he was eighty-six years of age. The critical historian does not accept such testimony. There are some actual errors, as "Gadroque" for Gardoqui (I, p. 247), and "Zobly" for Zubly (I, p. 81). In her desire to give importance to Jones's stay in the Texel, she attributes the British declaration of war upon the Netherlands to that fact, but the real motive was England's fear of the Netherlands as a neutral carrier under the protection of the Armed Neutrality League, which the States-General had voted to join. The Netherlands would be less dangerous to England as an enemy than as a neutral. On the whole, the work is scholarly and accurate, and holds the reader like romance.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Catfish. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"At one time the North Sea fishermen brought their cod to market in tanks in the holds of their vessels. In the tanks the cod lived at ease, with the result that they came to market slack, flabby, and limp. Some genius among fishermen introduced one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his cod came to market firm, brisk, and wholesome." So, towards the end of his book,

Mr. Marriott explains his title. (The catfish in question is evidently not the American fresh-water catfish, mud-cat, or horn-pout pictured on the cover of the present edition.)

George Tracy is son of a well-to-do lower middle class Englishman. As a schoolboy he meets a girl a trifle older than himself, Mary Festing. He is not so much attracted by her as to her. For many years, with few meetings between them, a curious bond persists. At one time he is impelled, and is conscious of the impulse, to ask her to be his wife, but belief in her coldness prevents him. Nevertheless, though he marries another woman, and Mary herself presently marries, and both marry in a sense happily, each continues to need the other. As Lesbia, Tracy's wife, magnanimously grants, there is a part of his nature of which only Mary has the key. It is she who keeps the deeper waters of his nature clear and bright. To her he must turn when his latent and sluggish idealism is in danger of allowing itself to be forgotten. She is his catfish. The tone of the narrative is quiet, sombre, almost elegiac, and the final catastrophe, with its quick and, so far as appears, needless snuffing out of Mary, is an unexpected shock. Tracy is not a romantic hero; he is simply a man. Lesbia and Mary, each in her own way, are richly feminine and richly human. Whatever it may or may not "mean," the story lingers in the mind as a melody haunts the inward ear. It rings true.

Patchwork Comedy. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is some unusually good workmanship squandered upon an uncommonly worthless plot. We are asked to imagine a lifelike group of wholesome-minded English folk engaged in deadly conflict with a ravening blackmailer. First this finished scoundrel attempts to exact tribute by threats to blacken the memory of the hero's late revered mother. Then a girlish widow who aids in worsting him becomes the object of an elaborate defamatory plot. No pen play could possibly bring within the natural scheme of things a malefactor so polished, picturesque, malignant, and versatile as was the formidable "Monsieur Le Beau," but the other figures of the "comedy" are very pleasant human likenesses. The gentleman annoyed by rumors affecting his legitimacy is a dilettante explorer of some fame, who has courted danger for lack of better occupation, and whom the obligations bequeathed him by a long line of worthy forebears will eventually convert into a useful country gentleman. The persecuted lady is a painter's daughter—therefore reared in Bohemian freedom; her virtue, grown in the open, unshel-

tered by conventional safeguards, has survived the hazards of an ill-advised marriage, but has not escaped suspicion.

In the course of their troubles with the destroyer of reputations, these principals and two faithful friends travel in France and Switzerland, yet without straying far from the beaten track. The aggressor at length turns fugitive in a misty morning chase, and they are about to carry the pursuit beyond the Alps into Italy when they have the good fortune to lose him for good and all down a crevasse in the Théodule Glacier. Crude as is the handling of dramatic situations, the sketching of the varying scene and of incidental episodes is uniformly excellent. One passage, describing an excursion of idle reconnaissance to a wrecked vessel stranded on the Devon coast, is worthy of a great novel. The best—and the worst—that can be said of its author is that if ever he finds something worth saying, he will know how to say it.

The Monster. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Pulitzer Publishing Co.

"Find the Monster" might have been a good title for this story, since it is decidedly hard to discover him in the picture. The lady is clear of suspicion. There are her first and third husband, and her second husband, and her stepfather, any of whom might be called a monster in the lighter social sense of the word, but none of whom is the "monstrum horrendum, ingens" one expects of the title and of the author. The opening situation is not without precedent in fiction. The bride of an hour gets a letter which dashes her from the seventh heaven in an instant. All must be over between them; she can only fly. She flies. The letter of explanation she has left is lost. The bridegroom sets out in pursuit of her without an inkling as to the reason of her flight. A false lead sends him on a wild-goose chase through Far Eastern waters, while she is getting a divorce, and, to put a further bar between herself and the man she still loves, marrying another. The second is a paltry rascal, as the first is a hopeless cad; and when the three finally meet in Paris, there is bound to be excitement of a sort. The upshot is that the news contained in the post-nuptial letter is proved to be false, the second husband is killed in a duel, and the original pair are reunited. The action moves in that atmosphere of mingled Broadway smartness and Oriental mysticism which is native to this writer.

MR. BRYCE'S COUNSEL TO AMERICANS.

University and Historical Addresses. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.

We expect little on festival occasions from those who lie abroad for their country but their auspicious presence and a few well-directed compliments and good wishes. Mr. Bryce, however, had formed other habits of speech before he entered the diplomatic service. It was neither his nature nor his necessity to spend much effort on that part of an address technically known as "conciliating the audience." The author of "The American Commonwealth" could assume without testing the friendliness of his hearers, and could hold them without seductive rhetoric, flattery, or emotional appeal. Perhaps the chief secret of his success as a public speaker was just his ability at every presented opportunity to find a connecting link between his own varied and vital interests and the leading interest of his auditors—whether lawyers, university students, architects, or foreign missionaries. When, with an art concealing itself, he had set in the most advantageous light the characteristic virtues or achievements of the association before him, he went quietly on in his serious, lucid, direct fashion to point out its characteristic defects, its dangers, its opportunities. For he apparently thought it unworthy of his distinguished station and his forty or fifty years in public life to talk for an hour and leave behind him only a "pleasant impression." He improved the occasion, and gave without stint the ripe and faithful counsel of a much-experienced friend.

It is one of the high paradoxes of public service and its supreme reward that if you effectively surrender yourself to your country you may ultimately take it captive. After a lifetime devoted to advancing the welfare and the works of others, you may wake some morning in divine peace of mind to discover that a higher law has quite abolished the baser distinctions of property, and that the works and the welfare of others have become, in the most sacred sense, your own. In going through this volume one is struck with the fact that we have treated Mr. Bryce as if he were ours, and we were his. Only upon one of our own people could we have made such extraordinarily frequent and various demands as are represented here. And only one who had entered as by right of birth into the heart of our traditions and institutions and known our land and people from Plymouth Rock to Mt. Rainier could have met them. He has assisted at the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, the beginnings of Virginia, and the discovery of Lake Champlain; he has united with us in

honoring Jefferson, Lincoln, and Saint-Gaudens; he has taken thought for our national parks, for our higher education, for our literature and art, for our legislative procedure. And though he is unquestionably one of the best Englishmen living, we do not see how he could have put together these twenty-two American addresses—but a tithe, we suppose, of those delivered—without murmuring to himself from time to time, "America, my country."

Mr. Bryce solves the problem of loyalty to two great nations by demonstrating that to be a good American in the long run comes to about the same thing as being a good Englishman. He grounds the proposition upon nothing transitory or sentimental. His is the argument of a scholar, an historian, a jurist, discovering for the layman the deep and radical unity of the two peoples in their common blood and ancestry, in their heroes and their institutions, in their energy and their self-control, in their passion for liberty and their respect for law. He recognizes clearly enough the new spirit of unrest that is stirring at home and abroad. "We are hovering," he says, "between discontent and doubt. The reforming spirit runs so strong that it would sweep off their feet any people which had not, as you have, become attached to their old institutions." Perhaps he praises us for our sobriety and temperamental conservatism beyond our present deserts. Yet nothing certainly at this moment could be more timely for us than that learned index finger of his steadily pointing us back towards our traditions: "*It has never been your way* either to run ahead of actual needs or to pull up the plant to see if the roots are sprouting." Somehow these simple homely words link one's deeper feelings through the American Fathers to Burke's "canonized forefathers" across the sea, and one is put in the mood to cry, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

One hesitates to say that Mr. Bryce has not rested in this fine English patriotism, this inspiring Anglo-Saxon loyalty. To declare that he is a cosmopolitan, as the word now goes, is almost an accusation, and yet that, properly construed—as Cicero or Goethe or Newman would have construed it—is his highest distinction. One hesitates, because what passes too currently for "cosmopolitanism" is not an upgrowth and outgrowth of national loyalties uniting at the top in a higher world loyalty, but a downgrowth and undergrowth of personal irresponsibilities avoiding all allegiance. The right citizen of the world is a man who has transcended patriotism simply by virtue of his overwhelming sense of the community of the interests of all good and wise men, dead, living, and yet to be born: a law-abiding, tax-paying, voting, coöperating member

of the *orbis terrarum*. It was just this profound sense of the common interests of human society that made Mr. Bryce the prince of ambassadors, that renders so significant his reiterated pleas at the universities for the preservation or restoration of the humane and liberal studies, and that lends more than a passing solemnity to the closing words of an address delivered but a few months ago, in his seventy-fifth year, before the American Civic Association:

Let us think of the future. We are trustees for the future. We are not here for ourselves alone. All these gifts were not given to us to be used by one generation, or with the thought of one generation only before our minds. We are the heirs of those who have gone before, and charged with the duty we owe to those who come after.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts. The same. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Arthur Babbette. The same. \$1.25 net.

Married: Twenty Stories of Married Life. The same. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. \$1.40 net.

Readers of Strindberg in English are now furnished with works from his pen more illuminating as to his life and outlook than any which have previously appeared, with the possible exception of the "*Inferno*." The first two books of the present batch deal, respectively, with the opening and close of his career. Each bears the stamp of his customary frankness. Who but he, for instance, would have emphasized, by a brutal title, his bitterness over the fact that he was the son of a waitress? Strindberg is always frank, but not impartial, though he meant to be. Early in life his mind showed that perverse twist which informs all of his writings. A lack of nervous vitality, coupled with extreme sensitiveness, rendered him unable to laugh off little injustices; and he dwelt on them to such an extent that they took shape in his mind as premeditated villany. Thus, he started life but a short step from that mental state, recorded in the "*Inferno*," in which he believed himself persecuted by every passer-by. It is this omnipresent taint of nerves which makes it difficult to take Strindberg's work seriously.

"*The Son of a Servant*" was published in 1886, when Strindberg was thirty-seven. It is a true commentary on the man that at such an age, when a successful career in letters was in sight, he should have turned back bitterly to the faulty beginnings of his education. His father was a shipping-agent, a man of

good family who had fallen upon evil days because of his marriage with one socially inferior. In the main he seems to have had high principles, but lacked a proper understanding of children, and thus was often unfair. The mother, who had borne the two eldest children of the family out of wedlock, naturally got little respect from so critical a nature as August Strindberg's. Yet he hungered for her love: "He tried to flatter her [he tells the story in the third person], but he did it clumsily and was repulsed." Even as a child he began "to take pleasure in self-torture; he was melancholy and boisterous by turns." The usual experiences of childhood always assumed extravagant forms in him. He thus describes the effect of his first love, at the age of nine:

John's love found expression in a silent melancholy. He never spoke to her [she, too, was nine], and would never have dared to do it. He feared and longed for her. But if any one had asked him what he wanted from her, he could not have told them. . . . He felt that he had a secret. This plagued him so that he suffered under it, and his whole life was overclouded. One day at home he seized a knife and said, "I will cut my throat."

In other matters misunderstood shyness was interpreted by his parents as studied dishonesty; and small wonder, for it would have required a rare person to penetrate his queer behavior. Once, when a lad in his teens, he saw "*Hamlet*" at the theatre, and remembering that he too had a step-parent (after his mother's death, the father had married the housekeeper), he promptly lived the titular part with much enthusiasm and self-pity. Yet despite this absorption in self, he had a wide range of interests: with virtually no assistance save from books, he got the rudiments of several languages and experimented in science. If his mind never recovered from an initial warp, it was at least enormously active.

In 1906, after Strindberg had emerged greatly chastened from his "*Inferno*," he set about jotting down his views on all conceivable subjects. Issued originally in 1907 with the title "*The Blue Book*," these now appear in English as "*Zones of the Spirit*." The only unity which the book possesses is the recognition, forced upon Strindberg at last, of a Deity, and especially of Christianity as a comfortable philosophy. He revolts violently from the irreligious promptings of science which previously had been his guide, denying that science, when so engaged, is logical. Into his arguments we need not go. But their form is significant and characteristic. He saw things always concretely, and here furnishes snatches of vivid reasoning. Under the caption "*Thought Bound by Law*" he writes:

The teacher said: "When a young man

comes and says he is a free-thinker, say to him: 'You lie. You think with your stomach, your throat, your sexuality, with your passions and your interests, your hate and your sympathies. But in your youthful immaturity you do not really think at all, but merely drivel. What is instilled into you, you give out, and dub your wishes by the name of thoughts.' Moreover, 'free thought' is a contradiction in terms, for thoughts obey laws, just as sound, light, and chemical combinations do. Thought is bound, bound by laws. If you say, 'There is no God,' you speak without thinking. 'Non-existence' and 'God' are two incommensurate ideas which cannot be brought into juxtaposition. If they are, there results an absurdity which is the secretion or excretion of an illogical and confused mind."

The twenty short stories called "Married," which with "The Son of a Servant" were issued in 1886, suffer from the well-known taint. The meannesses of wedded existence are almost always to the fore. Why is it, he asks, that two persons, with apparently great capacity for happiness, and both with high resolves, soon grate on each other? This is one of the large injustices of life, and goes to show how unattainable is the ideal. With but few exceptions, the stories are most unpleasant and, worse, are anything but convincing, remote possibilities being singled out to do service for the typical. Yet throughout the volume the reader will be struck with Strindberg's keen observation and his instinct for the picturesque. All the elements making for stories of great charm and power are present, save a wholesome outlook.

Notes

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Westways," the scene of which is laid at a country estate of middle Pennsylvania in the fifties and sixties, will be brought out in the autumn by the Century Co.

The same house has in hand Ruth McEnery Stuart's plantation jingles, "Daddy-Do-Funny."

Chatto & Windus have in preparation a book on modern France by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet. It will deal particularly with the changes in French spirit noticeable in the last half dozen years.

"Shakespeare and the Modern: a Defence of the Public Taste," and "A Plea for Individualism" are two essays in Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's forthcoming book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts" (Cassell).

In the autumn W. Sanday will publish at the Clarendon Press "The Primitive Church and Reunion," a series of papers which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review*.

Among September publications of Mofat, Yard & Co. are a novel of New York life, by Reginald Wright Kauffman; a work on the life and times of Louis the Eleventh, by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, a brother of the novelist, and Prof. Scott

Nearing's "Social Sanity: a Preface to the Book of Social Progress."

The following titles are included in Stokes's announcements: "The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens; "Prescott of Saskatchewan," by Harold Bindloss; "Story of Evangeline," by Clayton Edwards; "Many Cargoes," a story by W. W. Jacobs, and a number of juveniles.

Autumn announcements of the Yale University Press include: "Some Questions of Modern Government," by William Howard Taft; "The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth," by Hiram Bingham; "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery; "The Diary of a Voyage to the United States," by Moreau de Saint Méry, edited by Stewart L. Mims; "From the Letter-Files of S. W. Johnson," edited by his daughter Elizabeth A. Osborne; "Lyra Yalensis," by Edward Bliss Reed; "Life and Letters of Dr. Nathan Smith," by Emily A. Smith; "Earth Hunger and Other Essays," by the late William Graham Sumner, LL.D., edited with an introduction by Albert Galloway Keller; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, revised with additions by William H. Price; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth and Province," by Edward D. Page; "The Pulpit and the Pew," by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst (Lyman Beecher lectures); "The Judiciary and the People," by Frederick N. Judson (Storrs lectures); "The Power of Ideals in American History," by Ephraim D. Adams (Dodge lectures), and "Writings on American History, 1912. A bibliography of books and articles on United States and Canadian history published during the year 1912, with some memoranda on other portions of America," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin.

A tribute to the natural charms of our national capital is given by former Ambassador James Bryce in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June. Comparing it with other capitals, he holds that in external dignity and beauty it is the "embodiment of the majesty and stateliness of the whole nation." He suggests that Washington should be the seat of a national university with a "fully equipped school of law, a complete and well-staffed school of political science, and of economics, and therewith, also, a strong school of history," and concludes with some hints as to what still needs to be done for the "beautification of Washington and the turning of its natural advantages to the best account," which are deserving of careful consideration. The rest of the number is devoted to pleas for "our policemen of the air," the birds of our farms and orchards. Extracts are taken, with illustrations, from Mr. Frank M. Chapman's "Bird Life," which no one can read without being brought, as he says, "within the ennobling influences of nature." Pictures in eight colors are given of fifty of our common birds, with information concerning each, furnished by experts of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture.

It is, perhaps, too much to ask of a United States Senator that he be also a scholar, a jurist, and a philosopher; but we may at least insist that when he enters the field as a publicist, he shall be informed, dignified, and reasonably fair-minded. Judged by this rather elementary standard, we cannot

think that John Sharp Williams's lectures on the Blumenthal foundation, published under the title "Thomas Jefferson; his Permanent Influence on American Institutions" (Columbia University Press), will add much to his reputation. Senator Williams has, indeed, made industrious use of Jefferson's writings, has brought together a good many passages illustrative of Jefferson's opinions and influence, and has said many things which are as true as they are familiar. Over against these moderate, though creditable, virtues must be set, however, persistent and indiscriminating laudation of Jefferson, joined to sneering depreciation of Hamilton, Adams, and the Federalists, and of such historians and biographers as have appeared to sympathize with them; a superficial or biased treatment of such episodes as the Genet incident, only half set forth, or the Burr conspiracy, dismissed with two lines, or the embargo policy, grotesquely distorted into a praise of peace; and a cheap and slangy commendation of "Jeffersonian simplicity." There is one redeeming feature, however: the volume is dedicated, with rare delicacy of humor, to "my wife's mother-in-law."

In "The Masked War" (Doran), William J. Burns tells the story in detail of the detection and conviction of the McNamaras. It is, of course, not a work of art. A writer of fiction would have made much more of the material, a journalist could have "written it up" to far more vivid effect. The many pages of reports of Mr. Burns's "operatives" and "investigators" could have been boiled down, important or picturesque passages chosen, and a good deal of irrelevant detail omitted. But we should not have believed in the product as we believe in the present narrative. Its very crudenesses, its repetitions, digressions, and mere lumber of data, are all parts of its reality; and the twentieth century has no Defoe to invent such things. Defoe would have delighted in the style of this book—the English of the plain, blunt man reared upon American newspapers. When Burns and his detectives are on the way from one place to another, they are always "en route"; an incident that happened before a given date invariably happened "prior to" it; the criminal pursued by the detective is "the quarry"; and so on. To do him justice, Mr. Burns himself often escapes from the bondage of this lingo. If his sense of decorum obliges him to speak of a prostitute as a "courtesan," his common sense has a way of breaking into vigorous speech. It is in the reports of his assistants that the quaintest use of the newspaper vernacular may be found. Two of them go to hunt for a man named Caplan, in an anarchist colony. Their first report to Burns begins, "To-day . . . we proceeded to acquaint ourselves with conditions surrounding Home Colony and its residents. Our pretext as surveyors permitted us to move around without attracting attention. We found that a number of the community occupy residences in places isolated in the timber and not easy of access. . . ." These gentry never go anywhere, they depart. When they leave off work at night, they discontinue. When they watch a house, they "take up a surveillance on a residence"—a process the verbal dignity of which no doubt makes more tolerable a prolonged squatting in the brush or peeping from a window. As

a real detective story, the narrative ought to serve as a useful check against the extravagances of fiction. Mr. Burns means it to do more than that; he means it to enlighten the honest workingmen of America as to the sort of vermin who too often get themselves accepted as "leaders" in the army of organized labor.

The record of a career as busy, as crowded with opportunities for meeting and knowing great men as that of Stephen Coleridge, son of the Lord Chief Justice, and great-great-nephew of the poet, should contain two things: a considerable volume of reminiscences, impressions, and biographical anecdotes, and evidence of a point of view—a philosophy of life—acquired and matured during these years. In Mr. Coleridge's "Memories" (Lane), we have both these elements; but neither is of great value, nor strongly expressed. We meet acute men in pages without acuteness; witty men in pages without wit; poetical geniuses in pages without emotion; great thinkers in pages without profundity. In one respect only does the author give satisfaction—to his treatment of religious men he brings a pre-Victorian faith. Whole chapters, leave an impression of insipidity. The regret is the greater because his gallery of portraits contains such men as Arnold, Newman, Morris, Meredith, Browning, Lowell, Trench, Ruskin—indeed, all the great figures of the period. In the case of Sir Henry Irving, Whistler, and Lord Coleridge alone has the author really done justice to himself and his subjects. As for the reaction which he has gained from life, it is expressed in a splendid disdain of all the changes of the time. Evolution, rationalism, science receive the same intolerant condemnation as machine-made furniture, modern methods of warfare, and reformed spelling. This lover of "famous men and our fathers that begat us" should have proved a more minute and sympathetically observant historian of the days and men that are gone.

Prof. E. R. A. Seligman has taken advantage of the opportunity afforded by the issue of an eighth edition of his "Essays in Taxation" (Macmillan) to revise and enlarge that well-known treatise. The original chapters have been brought down to date, a process necessitating numerous and extensive additions, particularly in those chapters which discuss the various forms of taxation. The most noteworthy of the eight new chapters are the two dealing with the division of the taxing power among the different units of government. The other new chapters are for the most part extensions of chapters included in the original volume. Two of the new chapters, for instance, carry on the review of the reports of American tax commissions from 1895, the date at which it was left in the first edition. It is to be hoped that the formidable increase in the size of the volume will not result in any falling off in the great influence which the book has exerted in the promotion of rational tax reform.

Obviously enough, Mr. Harold Begbie's "The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing" (Doran) was not intended by its author to be regarded as primarily a work of belles-lettres. It is nevertheless an extremely well-written book, and there are passages in it which, judged merely as literature, are of extraordinary power. The

first two chapters give an interesting account of the founding, by the young Devonshireman, George Williams—later, Sir George—of the Young Men's Christian Association, in 1844, and somewhat broadly set forth the conditions of modern life which in the author's judgment have made some such organization indispensable. Excepting the last two, which are general, each of the eleven remaining chapters gives a somewhat detailed account of the history, spiritual and physical, if one may put it so, of a man whose life and character have been made over through the influence of the Association. As one reads some of these chapters, and notably chapters four and seven, one wonders a little at the infelicitous phrase in the title which stamps these men as ordinary. The "extraordinary thing," it should be said, which happens to all of these so-called ordinary men, is conversion: a somewhat mysterious process through which, and only through which, one gathers, the Young Men's Christian Association can become effectually operative for good on a human life. Here, indeed, is a very odd thing about the treatment as a whole accorded by the author to his subject; a thing which it may, perhaps, seem ungracious to notice in speaking about a book so finely motivated, and yet a thing thoroughly characteristic of the attitude likely to be held by the cultivated modern man towards religion considered in the light of a personal as distinguished from an institutional fact. The author, while at every point he shows himself profoundly convinced of the reality of this "conversion," has evidently himself never experienced it; nor does he give any hint that he ever expects or even desires to do so. He is an admiring and sympathetic onlooker, as it were, at the business of individual human redemption. On page 117, he even confesses that he had formerly been vexed and irritated at hearing persons who had been converted talk about the moment when they "decided for Christ"; and the fact that he is no longer so vexed and irritated he does not explain as due to an experience he has himself later shared, but, rather, as resulting from the knowledge which acquaintance with men and the reading of books have brought him.

The forty-volume "Jubiläumsausgabe" of Goethe (Stuttgart: Cotta), which has enjoyed such marked popularity of late, has been greatly enhanced in value by the recent publication of a comprehensive "Register" volume. This embraces, in a single alphabetical arrangement, all the proper names that occur in the edition, all the subjects touched upon, Goethe's typical thoughts, and many of his characteristic words and important quotations. Numerous cross-references facilitate the finding of desired references. As the letters and diaries are not contained in this edition, and only selections from the scientific and critical writings are included, the introductions and commentaries to the several volumes are taken into account in the index, making it in a limited sense an index to the whole of Goethe. The "Register" is the work of the editor-in-chief, Eduard von der Hellen. Even the narrow specialist needs an index to so prolific and versatile a writer as Goethe, and this volume, the first of its kind, is one of the most helpful aids to the Goethe student that has

ever been written. As Goethe has influenced almost every field of thought, this index, which makes easily accessible his ideas on every variety of topic, will be welcomed by other scholars than literary historians. As a usual thing, the German savant considers it beneath his dignity and not the proper thing to index his writings, and for this reason, when a scholar of Von der Hellen's prominence devotes so much time to the preparation of an exhaustive index he deserves more than ordinary commendation. It is to be hoped that we may some day soon have a similar index to each of the other important new editions of Goethe, particularly the great Weimar edition, which now numbers 137 volumes, of which but half have indexes of proper names.

Percy Cross Standing's sketches of "Guerilla Leaders of the World" (Houghton Mifflin) are slight but readable. He makes no pretence to give any but a very superficial account of the exploits of those whom he has selected for mention, and thus forestalls criticism on the ground of inadequacy of treatment. When the careers of more than a score of irregular leaders are dealt with in some 250 pages of excellently large type, it can be imagined that the survey is far from exhaustive. The chapters are somewhat uneven in merit and in proportion of space; that on the Tyrol is perhaps among the best, and the one on Garibaldi, to whom the author does considerably less than justice, is certainly the worst. The value of the book is in suggestion rather than in accomplishment. Guerilla warfare is a fascinating study, and Mr. Standing gives just sufficient information about his heroes to make the reader wish for more. Happily, in most cases the means of satisfying curiosity are readily accessible. The author's literary style is marred by an unfortunate addiction to italics and marks of exclamation. The sketches, it should be added, embrace only the guerilla leaders of the past hundred and fifty years.

C. W. Previté Orton, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has produced in "The Early History of the House of Savoy; 1000-1233" (Putnam) a study which would have delighted the late Bishop Stubbs. It is a laborious investigation of the documents concerning that period, the number of which is very great, since they include not only Burgundian sources, but those of Piedmont proper, and those which relate to such larger affairs as Frederick Barbarossa's struggles with the Lombard communes. The origins of the House of Savoy possess not merely the interest which attaches to the oldest reigning family in Europe, but to the process by which it crossed the Alps and established itself in the upper valley of the Po. Mr. Orton describes minutely every stage of this advance and the changing conditions of feudalism. Having assembled an imposing array of facts, he sets them in order—a much greater task—and weaves them into a chronicle which can always be read with confidence in its trustworthiness and often with interest. He succeeds also in giving to the principal actors in the drama individual features which lift them out of the category of abstractions. Two maps, carefully prepared, show the dominions of the House of Savoy in about 1080 and 1189.

"Roman Life and Manners under the

Early Empire," the English translation of Friedländer's "Sittengeschichte Roms," is now completed by the appearance of a fourth volume (Dutton) containing more than 700 pages, about equally divided between appendices and notes. This volume comes from the sixth German edition, though the body of the work had the benefit of a seventh enlargement and revision. An immense amount of scholarly effort is to be seen in some of the appendices, as in the "List of Roman and Provincial Amphitheatres," pages 193 to 255, which gathers up under a geographical arrangement countless items of information on the subject from inscriptions, literature, and actual physical remains; it closes with a table of longer and shorter axis dimensions for seventy-one amphitheatres. The reader is, of course, warned that accuracy in such statistics is not attainable. This work in its English dress ought to find its way at once into all school libraries, where the original text is, of course, beyond most of the pupils and far too many of the teachers.

Charles Chauncey Binney, a member of the Pennsylvania bar, is dead from heart disease at Little Boar's Head, Mass. He was born in Philadelphia in 1855, graduated from Harvard in 1878, and was admitted to the bar three years later. He was a special attorney for the United States Department of Justice, 1897-1901. Mr. Binney was the author of "Restrictions upon Local and Special Legislation in State Constitutions" and "Life of Horace Binney."

Count Tadasu Hayashi, the Japanese statesman, died a week ago at the age of sixty-three, from injuries received in a jinriksha accident. He was one of several students sent by the Government to England to be educated. On his return to Japan he joined a force which fought against the Imperial army, was captured and imprisoned. The Count became Vice-Minister in the Foreign Office in 1891, and remained in that post until 1896, when he was appointed Minister to Peking. Two years later he was made Minister to Russia, being transferred within a few months to the Court of St. James's with the rank of Ambassador, where he was instrumental in bringing about the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs, but resigned in 1906, because of differences over the action in regard to the South Manchurian Railway system, which Japan took over as a Government concern. He reentered the Cabinet in his old post within a short time, however, under Premier Saionji. He was a prolific writer, and had translated Mill's "Political Economy" and Machiavelli's "The Prince." Cambridge gave him the LL.D., and Oxford the D.C.L.

Science

Out With the Birds. By Hamilton M. Laing. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

This is an uncommonly good book. Mr. Laing is a close and sympathetic observer, and he writes well about what he sees. His description of the "danc-

ing" of the sharp-tailed grouse, illustrated by photographs taken at short range, is a contribution of considerable value to the literature of that subject; and one must admire his candor in saying, "What that long daily 'hoe-down' means to the birds I am unable to state. At one time I thought I knew. That was before I had learned to get right among the revellers; now after many hours spent with them, I am much wiser but still mystified." Mr. Laing is evidently not one of the kind of nature-students who find it convenient to read their own thoughts into the actions of animals they observe.

In the chapter, *The Duck Mothers*, Mr. Laing has brought together many interesting facts concerning the curious nesting habits of several species of these shy and clever birds. The same is true of the chapter on *Some Little Owls*, wherein he records the results of his keen and painstaking observations of the prairie, the long-eared and the short-eared species. In *Spying from the Elm Clump*, he displays his alertness and his accuracy as an observer, as well as his skill as a writer, by presenting in very readable form many interesting and significant facts concerning a dozen or fifteen species of birds, to say nothing of a murderous weasel which he promptly and properly slew.

Mr. Laing has done some skilful work in the exceedingly difficult art of bird portraiture with a camera, as is shown by several of the thirty-eight illustrations, all of them reproductions of photographs. Some of the best of these likenesses present, in characteristic poses, or with valuable detail as to plumage, such birds as the Canada goose, young burrowing owls (a capital picture), blue-bills (ducks) rising from the water, geese in flight, and especially the pictures of the black-crowned night herons. It is the more surprising, therefore, that the author should have included in his illustrations at least half a dozen which are utterly meaningless because the birds are shown as mere dots, often so small as to be almost invisible. The legend, "They were a gay throng," under one of these collections of dots, sounds jocular. Also, it is a clumsy and annoying arrangement to have the illustrations scattered helter-skelter through the book, often thirty or forty pages from the reading-matter about them, and no hint in the text of their whereabouts.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "A Plea for the Younger Generation," announced by Chatto & Windus, urges teachers to instruct boys and girls on all matters of sex.

"Around-the-World Cook Book" is the name given to a forthcoming Century publication by its author, Mrs. Mary Louise Barroll, the wife of a navy officer who has travelled in many quarters of the globe.

The following are science books in the autumn announcements of the Yale University Press: "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by Sir William Osler (Silliman Memorial Lectures), and "A Monograph of the Terrestrial Palaeozoic Arachnida of North America," by Alexander Petrunkevitch.

The "Hurricanes of the West Indies" are treated in Bulletin X of the Weather Bureau, at Washington—containing twenty-four pages of text, four pages of tables, and twenty-five charts and diagrams—by O. L. Fassig, whose experience as observer in Porto Rico gave him intimate acquaintance with some examples of these dreaded storms. They are chiefly limited to August, September, and October; the tracks of a large number of them for each of these months are charted, and the point of their origin is indicated; but the text does not enable the reader to determine whether the "point of origin" is really such, or simply the place where the hurricane was first reported. A special account is given of the violent hurricane of August 7-20, 1899, which passed over Porto Rico, where more than 3,000 lives were lost and crops valued above \$7,000,000 were destroyed; more than twenty inches of rain fell from this storm in the centre of the island.

On September 26, 1912, we printed a letter from our Paris correspondent, S. D., which dealt at length with Dr. Gustave Le Bon's remarkable study of "La Révolution française et la psychologie des révolutions." We are glad to see that this striking book has been translated by Bernard Miall, and published by Putnam's as "The Psychology of Revolution."

Simplicity, common-sense, and a compact style characterize "Crops and Methods for Soil Improvement" (Macmillan), by Alva Agee. The book is of significance even to the cultivator of our Western virgin soils, who feels superior to our Eastern practice of using fertilizers. Mr. Agee warns against unscientific cropping, which will exhaust the best of soils, and explains those practices—whether liming, manuring, or rotation—which tend to build up soil fertility. He is clear and sensible in his treatment of the use of legumes and of lime, while his chapters on commercial fertilizers are the best section of the book. For those who live where barnyard manure is expensive, it is consoling to know that chemicals alone, if combined with a good rotation, will build up fertility. Mr. Agee would greatly simplify the guarantee as to chemical fertilizers and limit their numbers. He would require, to begin with, that instead of the confusing analysis which commonly appears on the fertilizer bag, there should be only the guaranteed minimum amounts of the three essential plant constituents, nitrogen, available phosphoric acid, and potash. No doubt this would help the farmer to know just what he was buying. Again, Mr. Agee advises limiting the number of fertilizer formulæ to ten, or even less, a practice which would save much confusion in the unscientific mind. For himself, Mr. Agee would be satisfied, it should seem, with the formulæ 3-10-6, 3-8-10, and 7-7-7. At any rate, whether or not local soil requirements would modify these par-

ticular formula, Mr. Agee is plainly right in saying that the multiplication of formulae gives very little advantage, but rather works to confusion. Like all writers on the subject of fertilizers, he emphasizes the difference between high and low-grade mixtures, and advises home mixing for those who use any considerable quantity. The illustrations in this book are not very appropriate, and the table of contents scarcely does duty for an index; but the plan is as clear as the style, and the reader can easily find a desired passage. We commend this statement of modern theory and practice.

Prof. William F. Ganong's "The Living Plant" (Holt) is thoroughly scientific, yet is simple enough for the comprehension of the lay reader; the style is lively, and humor is not lacking. The method of the book develops the subject progressively, taking up first the essential basis of plant-life in the function of chlorophyl and the process of photosynthesis, then proceeding to give reasons for the existing forms of plants and their parts, such as the leaves. There follow sections on the method and service of respiration; the structure of the cell, particularly the quality and service of protoplasm; the work of the roots, especially regarding their means of absorption of nutriment from the soil; the dissemination and utilization of this nutrition; protective adaptations in plants against hostile conditions or active enemies; reproduction, with a chapter on flowers and their cross-fertilization; and, finally, plant-breeding and the methods of classification. This logical sequence of study is also historical, for Dr. Ganong is not only an evolutionist, but professes a stout faith in the Darwinian doctrine of adaptations, while recognizing that certain features in plants do not appear at all purposeful. One can see that such a treatment must involve many principles and explain many processes true of animals as well as of plants; and that the book is therefore an excellent foundation for biology generally, there being no essential difference in the basal facts between the life of a plant and that of an animal. In this aspect it may be recommended to every young student of natural history, whether he proposes to specialize in botany or not, while the botanist, as such, will find it a most convenient and helpful work of reference. We should like to quote extensively to exhibit the freshness of knowledge and the entertaining facts with which the book abounds, and the way in which aptness of illustration and telling bits of outside lore and philosophy are made to contribute to the value and interest of the subject. The book abounds in diagrams and photographs, which are beautifully done and are very helpful. There is a full index, and the paper and typography are of the best character.

Dr. Horace Jayne, formerly dean of the college faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, died suddenly last week at his home near Philadelphia. He was fifty-four years old. After receiving his A.B. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1879, and his M.D. in 1882, he studied at universities of Germany and at Johns Hopkins. He was a prolific writer, among his works being "Mammalian Anatomy," "Revision of the Dermestidae of North America," and

"Abnormalities Observed in North American Coleoptera."

Dr. Benjamin Lee, assistant to the Health Commissioner of Pennsylvania, died Friday at Point Pleasant, N. J. He was born in 1833 in Norwich, Conn., and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1852 and from the New York Medical College in 1856. Dr. Lee also studied in Europe. Among his publications may be noted "Correct Principles of Treatment for Angular Curvature of the Spine."

Drama

NOTES ON GERMAN DRAMA.

In the sex-ridden literature of modern Germany a play without a love motive must be hailed as an extraordinary novelty. Arthur Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt" (Berlin: S. Fischer) has earned this distinction as well as that of having been prohibited in Vienna. The action of the play deals with a hospital maintained by private sources and conducted by a Jew and free-thinker. Bernhardt objects to the appearance of a priest at the cot of a dying woman who imagines she is getting well and expects a visit from her lover, thinking it would be more humane to let her die while she cherishes this dream than to awaken her to the knowledge of approaching death. Out of this conflict with the church grow serious difficulties for the hospital which had hoped for an endowment from the state. The intricate web of political intrigue entering into the management of public institutions is revealed. Nor does the author spare his profession; the flippancy, the cant, and the opportunism of his colleagues come in for a just share of scathing criticism. There is no unnecessary dwelling on physical facts, no repulsive details are thrust upon the reader. The prohibitory indictment must have been entirely based upon the reflections which the play casts on clerical interference and on the exploitation of professional activity in the interest of politics, which is a nuisance not limited to Austria.

Korff Holm has written an entertaining comedy, "Frau Mary's grosses Herz" (Munich: Albert Langen), which deals with the dilemma of a Frau Kommerzienrätin, whose husband is so absorbed in business that he tolerates her numerous flirtations. Frau Mary is the mother of a daughter married abroad, and of another daughter of the awkward age. She tries to postpone the engagement of "Billy," because the prospective father-in-law is one of her own admirers and she would be forced to retire from her field of activity. The women guests of the house belong to the same smart set, and the scenes in which these ladies pointedly allude to one another's affairs abound in amusing situa-

tions and sprightly dialogue. The lady in the end throws over all her admirers, consents to her daughter's marriage, and induces her husband to retire with her to their country estate. The play has been favorably received at the theatre.

"Münchhausen's Antwort" (Berlin: Theater-Verlag Eduard Bloch), a one-act play by Hanne von Gumpenberg, effectively handles an episode in the life of the famous German Ananias. The infidelity of a woman he had loved and disgust with conventional society are suggested as the motives of his passion for fooling the world with stories of marvellous experiences. The woman who had dropped him to marry another comes to one of the baron's much-talked-of evenings, apparently to renew her relations with him, but really to flirt with an influential Cabinet Minister, and obtain her husband's promotion. They all plot to lay a trap for Münchhausen, and, while waiting for their host, divide their attentions between the only lady guest and a buxom stable-maid. But the baron has observed everything, entertains them with wonted vivacity, and when punch is served begins a tale in which he fancifully veils the experiences of the lady and the exploits of the Cabinet Minister. When asked for proofs, he sends for the stable-maid! The little play condenses with remarkable cleverness the salient features of a familiar figure, and the plot is admirably calculated to hold attention. The play has been successfully performed at Munich, Stuttgart, Weimar, Karlsruhe, and other places.

Ludwig Thoma's "Das Säuglingsheim" (Albert Langen) is a "Burleske" in one act, and is a racy product of robust Bavarian humor. It deals with a home for poor babies established by a wealthy Jew and willed to the city on condition that its management should be unsectarian. The discussion of this clause with the widow of the testator brings forward the amusing figures of municipal officials, and throws glaring lights upon their mediæval prejudices. The climax is reached when the news arrives that the newly appointed janitor of the building is a Protestant; this disturbs the proportion of representation to which each sect is entitled. Although mainly of local interest, the situations in the little play are funny enough to appeal to any audience, and it is likely to be as popular as the author's "Erster Klasse."

The most important dramatic novelties of recent publication have come from Carl Hauptmann. "Die lange Jule" (Leipzig: Ernst Rowohlt), a village drama in five acts, has been chosen to inaugurate the new royal court theatre in Dresden in October, and is to be performed by Max Grube in Hamburg. It is a powerful tragedy of the passion

for possession. The heroine has the old-fashioned peasant's attachment to the soil of the forebears, and is cheated out of the hope of inheriting the old homestead by her widowed father's remarriage, of which she disapproved as violently as he had done of hers. The difficulties between the two hard, unyielding characters culminate in a desperate scene at the old man's death-bed, when the daughter once more claims her own and is cursed by him. From that moment she has but one aim in life: she buys the mortgage which the widow cannot meet and dispossesses the hated intruder. Her sentiment for the family place, with its numerous associations, relieves to some extent her cruel rapacity; nor is her conscience quite deaf to the message that comes to her through the apparition of her father's ghost. But as the attachment to the property becomes an obsession bordering on madness, her figure outgrows human limitations and assumes uncanny proportions. That the other *dramatis personæ* are able to hold their own against a character of such calibre, speaks for the strength with which they have been delineated. The action progresses with inevitable logic and has moments of powerful suspense.

Another play by Carl Hauptmann, "Die armseligen Besenbinder" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff), is to see the footlights in the autumn at the Deutsches Theater of Max Reinhardt, in Berlin. The author calls it "altes Märchen," and it has indeed all the whimsical fancy and elusive symbolism of an old folk-tale. Hauptmann has nursed his imagination upon the folklore of Silesia until its spirit has entered his soul and quickened the poetical concepts of his creative mind. His imaginings quite spontaneously take the quaint and simple forms of the stories that belong to the lore of the Riesengebirge, and as they are much concerned with the dreams and the longings of poor people, the poet thinks in symbols of their life. The poor broombinder who in his direst misery is consoled by the dream of the brother gone forth in quest of treasure is as real as any figure from life; and the other, who has gone forth into the far world of fabulous wealth and comes home laden with treasure, is as illusory a phantom as such figures usually turn out to be in cold daylight. The play opens rare possibilities to the genius of the man who by his scenic realizations is attracting as much attention as the poet by his imaginings. The performance is likely to confirm the growing conviction of not a few critics in Germany that Carl Hauptmann is one of the strongest personalities in German letters to-day.

A. VON ENDE.

The Yale University Press announces a reprint of the first edition of "Common Con-

ditions," an Elizabethan play which first appeared in 1576. The work will be edited by Charles F. Tucker Brooke.

Music

The Fourth of July was worthily celebrated at Lucerne, Switzerland, by a concert made up of compositions by five Americans—Chadwick, Foote, Hadley, MacDowell, and Louis Lombard. The last-named conducted the orchestra.

Leipzig has increased the allowance for its two municipal theatres from 350,000 marks a year to 700,000 marks. "The motion picture is charged with pandering to a sort of mental laziness, and thus with diminishing the popular support for serious opera and drama. And so the town steps in to fight the 'cinemas,' as they are called."

Wassili Safonoff has been elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of London.

"The Songs of Euripides" is the odd name of an opera by Botho Sigwart which has been accepted for performance in Dresden next season.

An association has been formed in Dresden for the special purpose of bringing about a worthy celebration of the two hundredth birthday of Gluck, next year. It is hoped that some of his neglected master-works will be revived. In Vienna a society has been organized for the purpose of collecting funds for a Gluck monument in that city. For Vienna he wrote three of his best operas—"Orfeo," "Alceste," and "Iphigenie in Aulis." It was here that he changed his style and paved the way for his Parisian successes, in which he was aided by Marie Antoinette, who studied with him in Vienna. Carl Goldmark is president of this Gluck association.

If the present violin craze continues in England, the piano will soon cease to be the most popular of instruments. At the ninth annual Violin Festival of the National Union of School Orchestras, held at the Crystal Palace, London, last month, the enormous number of 6,200 violinists mustered on the Handel orchestra. At the first of these festivals the number was only 700. Schools in every district in and around London were represented by players, and, it was stated, "one and all of them are whole-hearted enthusiasts, anxious to win all possible guerdons, and, in particular, one or other of the two silver challenge shields offered in competition by the union."

In Felix Weingartner, the Boston opera found a conductor who ranks among the greatest. At first he came over for a few weeks only, chiefly to obtain a worthy support for Mme. Nordica, but next winter he is to be in Boston from January to the end of the season. He will conduct not only the Wagner operas, particularly "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan," but also some of the best Italian and French operas ("Aida," "Otello," "Il Trovatore," "Faust"). He will also preside over the performances of "Don Giovanni" and "Hänsel und Gretel."

The composite verdict of the critics of Paris, French and foreign, seems to be that

while there is much good music in Charpentier's new opera, "Julien," it is not likely to duplicate the success of "Louise," because the libretto, by the composer himself, is marred by too much mysticism, philosophy, and symbolism. One critic remarks that "as soon as he leaves philosophy and Socialism and comes to Julien and Louise and treats them as creatures of flesh and blood, M. Charpentier recaptures the beauty and the pathos which are the chief feature of his earlier opera."

The death is reported of Ingeborg de Bronsart. She was born in St. Petersburg in 1840, her parents, Starck by name, being of Swedish origin. In 1861 she married Hans Bronsart von Schellendorff, like her a pianist and composer. Among her works are "La Déesse de Sais," in three acts, and the one-act "Jery et Baeteli."

Art

Michelangelo: A Record of His Life. As told in his Letters and Papers. Translated and edited by Robert W. Carden. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3 net.

There is no doubt that one gets a vivid human impression from these selections from the letters and papers of Michelangelo, and it is certain also that the picture thus gained is partial and misleading. It is abundantly proved out of the great artist's own mouth that he was a querulous, timid, suspicious person, with all the stigmata of a nervous invalid. His gigantic abilities he devoted chiefly to the task of rehabilitating his ungrateful and unworthy family, concerning whose noble origins he indulged delusions. His brothers preyed upon his generosity. He conferred princely benefits upon them, usually with a snarl. Constantly timorous before all business and official emergencies, he showed himself a poltroon when his dearly beloved Florence was in dire need of him. Yielding to a sudden nervous panic, he deserted his post of military engineer in charge of the fortifications. An ordinary man would have been hanged from the traitors' tower for such an offence. There are a few hints of a brighter side. Quite fatherly and touching are the letters to his favorite nephew and heir, Lionardo, concerning the choice of a wife. Very moving is his grief for his single faithful servant, Urbino, whose infant, his own godchild, the aged sculptor actually thought of taking into his home. Often there will appear a sardonic tenderness under his fulminations. A worthless 'prentice is to be sent back to Florence, but the father is to be told the lad is too high-strung for the rough work. Always one finds a Spartan rectitude, a willingness to take the unfavorable side of a bargain, to compound with a patron to his own hurt.

Such, roughly speaking, is the picture

that Mr. Carden makes Michelangelo draw of himself. A true picture, so far as it goes, but how completely inadequate! There could be no more striking demonstration of the fallacy of the documentary method when applied without discretion. The amazing thing is that the materials for balancing the study exist, and have been completely ignored. Are the Sonnets, forsooth, not "papers of Michelangelo"? To have included about half the sonnets at the proper place would have helped to make the impression of the book relatively just. How Mr. Carden has neglected so obvious and necessary an expedient is incomprehensible. We hope it may be done in a future edition, though we are not sanguine of any very satisfactory fruits from an editorial mind so perfunctory and unimaginative. To those who already are familiar with the work of Michelangelo this volume brings interesting and valuable material not readily accessible to the general reader. We heartily commiserate, however, the ingenuous reader who gains his first acquaintance with Michelangelo from this book. To your reviewer it has been a revelation of the paradox that to anthropologize may also be to diminish.

"Art for Life's Sake," by Charles H. Caffin (New York: Prang), is an endeavor to show that all life-increasing effort of the individual follows the rule of art. In developing the activities of the individual in the collective state, art is to be of prime importance. The beautiful and the good are merely different aspects of one thing. All utilities, including the skyscraper and machinery must eventually take on or produce beauty. The new collective life being more sensitive and highly ordered than the individualisms of the past will produce a superior order of beauty. "Beauty, so understood, is the urge, the impulse of growth of the Whole Life, the Healthy Life, the Holy Life in all its faculties of sensation, emotion, volition, intelligence, reasoning, imagination and intuition. It is that which impels to the full and free recreating continually of self by self which in the highest sense is Living. On the other hand, Ugliness is that which checks and diminishes the Need of Life and the Desire of Living, tending towards atrophy, the moribund and death." A close analysis of the rhetorical redundancies of this passage will show what ails Mr. Caffin's style and thought. In his enthusiasm everything shades insensibly into everything else, great words and ideas overlap in confusingly penumbral fashion. He traverses the ground recently surveyed by George Bourne in "The Ascending Effort," but leaves upon the mind no such clear impression of the cathartic value of art. We dislike to take issue with a book the general tone of which is wholesomely optimistic and with the particular views of which we often agree, but if this sort of writing is really prophetic, the art of the future is apparently to resolve itself into a lambent flux in which sensation, emotion, and volition may be reflected, but hardly intelligence, reasoning, imagination, and intuition.

Finance

LOW EBB ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Last Friday, July 11, sales on the Stock Exchange were only 64,400 shares, the lowest total of any full business day since May 26, 1896. What this means, so far as that branch of financial activity is concerned, may be judged from the fact that the earlier of those dates belongs to what Wall Street has long described as the era of small things on the Stock Exchange. The great forward movement in American finance and industry, which began with 1897, introduced a decade of wholly unprecedented activity, with days when a million shares changed hands a common spectacle, and with one day—April 30, 1901—when 3,200,000 shares were dealt in. The total sales in 1896 were 54,600,000 shares; they were 266,000,000 in 1901, and 131,000,000 even in 1912. For the first half of 1913 they were 23,000,000 less than the year before, and now the daily total sinks to a low level not witnessed since the turn in the tide of American prosperity, in 1896.

What does this shrinkage signify, in the larger sense? It may merely reflect the speculative market's inability to move, in the face of the embargo on credit facilities for the purpose. It may, in line with the Stock Exchange's prophetic functions, foreshadow similar inactivity in general trade. But it may more obviously be interpreted as a sign of the investment community's perplexity and hesitation.

Days or periods of this character are apt to come when the speculative community and the real investors who stand behind it are completely at a loss which way to turn. The presence of such extreme inactivity denotes that the usual buyers and sellers of investment securities will not buy, because they can see so many disturbing possibilities ahead, and will not sell, either because prices are too low to invite such a transaction or because there are elements in the general situation favorable enough to make the holder of stocks and bonds reluctant to part with what he holds. It will be agreed by most observant people that this description fairly fits the present state of things.

Any one who lets his imagination loose in a hunt for prospective trouble will be pretty successful. He will have, in fact, considerable scope in selecting the most formidable danger. He may predict the ebbing-away of prosperity which he has been taught must follow—as it undoubtedly did in 1894—the enactment of a low-tariff bill. He may fix on a coming financial crash in Europe, with or without a "general European war." Or, more vaguely, he may base his pre-

dictions on belief in a political Armageddon in the winter session of Congress, with all the crazes of the period recognized by proposals of legislation, or an expectation of a home financial crisis, not yet clearly formulated in ideas, but to be introduced by the abnormal scarcity of capital and by a tightening money market.

All this may easily have persuaded the public in general, and professional Wall Street in particular, not to buy. But as every one conversant with the matter knows, to be unwilling to buy is not necessarily to be willing to sell. There is a state of the financial mind which may be described as stable equilibrium or may be summed up as pure inertia, and it is apt to mean that the bad points in a situation are fairly balanced by the good.

In the present case, the man who has mused on the possible coming dangers, summarized above, will frequently be checked in any disposition to sell his stocks by such considerations as the fact that the markets—financial, mercantile, and industrial—have carefully prepared themselves for any money strain which may be on the way. He will observe, when he has looked into things a little further, that although the business community has for at least four months been complaining of a "hand-to-mouth business" and the "lack of future orders," nevertheless the volume of trade continues surprisingly large. Furthermore, the reports from the various industries show him that the output of manufacturers and producers is not going into heaped-up unsold stocks (as in 1907, for instance), but is moving directly into consumers' hands.

He finds, it is true, that loans at the banks are almost everywhere heavily extended as compared with a year ago; for instance, that they are up \$56,000,000 from July, 1912, at the Bank of Germany, \$95,000,000 at the Bank of France, and \$190,000,000 in the national banks of the United States, and that, except for Berlin, this expansion has not been accompanied by an increase in cash reserves. But when he looks at the present greatly reduced demands on credit, at all the great money markets, for Stock Exchange or commercial purposes, he is apt to conclude that this part of the situation is adjusting itself. And meantime he hears from every experienced authority that, in default of actual disaster, prices of good investment securities are intrinsically low.

There is perhaps one deeper cause of hesitation, underlying all the rest, and not dependent on any idea so concrete and distinct as that of financial calamity. It is the perplexity which pervades the minds of all meditative people, as to exactly what sort of change is coming about in our institutions generally—pos-

sibly more in the political and social field than in finance. The feeling that important alterations, temporary or permanent, are shaping themselves in the attitude of society itself towards many fundamental questions of the day, is a sentiment which will naturally inspire uncertainty, even when it does not cause alarm.

This is more particularly true at a time when the casual observer of these phenomena of the day does not always find it easy to distinguish between the large reforms which mark the real social movement of this remarkable period, and the foolish or crazy fads which are proclaimed, not merely by scatter-brained fanatics, but to some extent, unfortunately, by men of character and standing whose mental balance has not been strong enough to maintain an equilibrium. But to lose the sense of proportion, in measuring such political and social tendencies, is to lose all power of reasonable prediction. It is easy to infer that certain propaganda are the surer of success because their advocates are the loudest talkers, and it is easy to assign to the social fermentation more influence on the real prosperity of the day than legitimately belongs to it. It

has happened on many similar occasions, during generations past, that the turmoil of agitation has resulted, first in the winnowing of the useful from the foolish propaganda of the day, and afterwards in the settling down of society at large to a sounder and more efficient condition than before.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aschaffenburg, Gustav. *Crime and Its Repression*. Translated by A. Albrecht. Boston: Little, Brown. \$4 net.
Babcock, W. H. *Early Norse Visits to North America*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Blumel, C. S. *Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech*. 2 vols. Stechert. \$5 net.
Chamberlin, Frederick. *The Philippine Problem, 1898-1913*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.
Chamber of Commerce, New York. *Annual Report, 1912-1913*.
Crawford, M. MacD. *The Sailor Whom England Feared: The Story of Paul Jones*. Duffield.
Eaton, A. M. *Free Trade vs. Protection*. Chicago: McClurg. \$1 net.
Ecclesiæ Occidentalis Monumenta Iuris Antiquissima. Edidit Cuthbertus Hamilton Turner. 2 fascicles. Frowde.
Fleming, Guy. *Life's Little Tragedies*. Longmans.
Force, Duc de la. *Lauzun: Un Courtisan du Grand Roi*. Paris: Hachette.
Fowell, F., and Palmer, F. *Censorship in England*. London: Frank Palmer.
Giese, W. F. *Graded French Method*. Holt.

Goldberg, Isaac. Sir Wm. S. Gilbert: A Study in Modern Satire. Boston: Stratford Pub. Co. \$1.
Hurlburt, E. H. Lanagan, Amateur Detective. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.
Kittredge Anniversary Papers. By Colleagues and Pupils of George Lyman Kittredge. Boston: Ginn. \$5 net.
Koester, Frank. *Electricity for the Farm and Home*. Sturgis & Walton. \$1 net.
Leake, A. H. *Industrial Education*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
Loreburn, Earl. *Capture at Sea*. London: Methuen.
Michaut, G. *Anatole France*. Paris: Fontemoing & Cie.
Norman, C. H. *Essays and Letters on Public Affairs*. London: Frank Palmer.
Pater, Walter. *Marius the Epicurean*. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$10 net.
Phillips, D. G. *Degarmo's Wife and Other Stories*. D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
Racine (théâtre complet), tome 1. Paris: Hachette.
Russell, G. W. E. *Half-Lengths*. Duffield.
Sammis, J. L., and Bruhn, A. T. *The Manufacture of Cheese of the Cheddar Type from Pasteurized Milk*. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Sidis, Boris. *The Psychology of Laughter*. D. Appleton. \$2 net.
Snedden, David. *The Problems of Educational Readjustment*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
Stamper, A. W. *Textbook on the Teaching of Arithmetic*. American Book Co. \$1.
Tibullus—The Corpus Tibullianum. Edited, with notes on Books I, II, and IV, 2-14, by K. F. Smith. American Book Co. \$1.50.
Wallace, H. F. *The Big Game of Central and Western China*. Duffield.
Yorke, P. C. *Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke*. 3 vols. University of Chicago Press. \$13.50 net.

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